

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



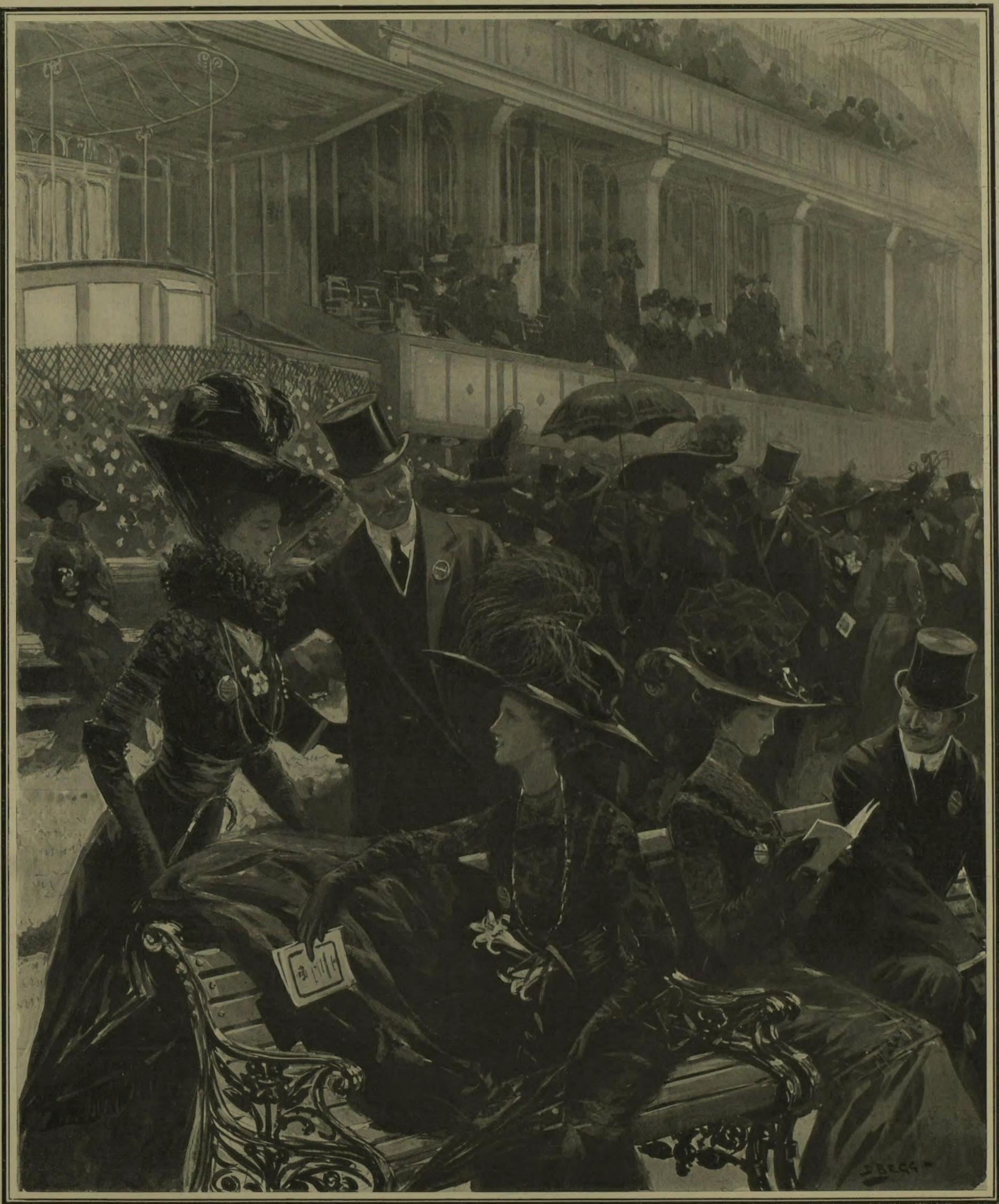
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No. 3713.—VOL. CXXXVI.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1910.

With Two Special Plates;
in Colours. ONE SHILLING.

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BLACK ASCOT: THE ROYAL BOX WITH DRAWN BLINDS AND THE SOMBRELY CLAD SPECTATORS IN THE ROYAL ENCLOSURE.

The Ascot of 1910 is not likely to be forgotten by those who attended it, for it was a black Ascot, and there were few indeed whose black was relieved even by white. In the Royal Enclosure, of course, everyone wore full mourning. The Royal Pavilion was closed, and the blinds of the box in which King Edward sat on so many occasions were drawn. The race-cards were black-edged.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ASCOT.

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PARLIAMENT.

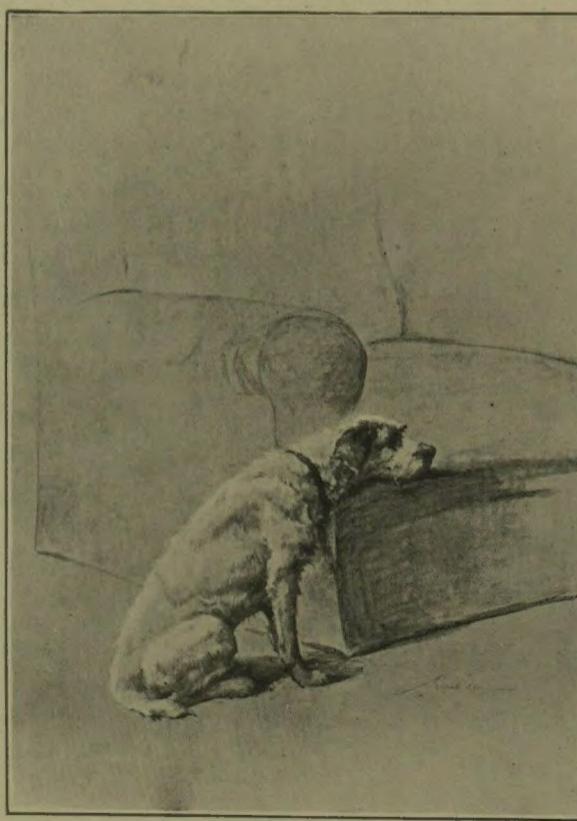
THE House of Commons resumed its work after the recess in a quiet, peaceful manner. Passion was subdued by the preparations for a conference on the constitutional issue, and this topic has nearly absorbed attention. Mr. Asquith, in a very good-humoured tone, expressed the hope on Monday that a meeting would take place at an early date between himself and Mr. Balfour, and this—the first direct reference in the House of Commons to negotiations for a compromise—was received on both sides with friendly cheers, while the leader of the Opposition smiled pleasantly. Although scepticism may have prevailed in the Lobby with regard to the ultimate result, it was evident that members generally approved of the meeting of the rival leaders, who are personally on friendly terms. There was comparatively little party bitterness even in the debate which was raised on Egypt. Several Conservatives drove home Mr. Roosevelt's admonition, but Mr. Balfour himself, in demanding prompt and decisive action to restore the authority of the dominant race, refrained from any attack on the Government; and, on the other hand, the Foreign Secretary, who praised Mr. Roosevelt's speech, gave satisfaction to most of the members on both sides by his declaration of a firm policy. He said he had consulted Sir Eldon Gorst as to measures for securing that punishment should follow grave crime more swiftly than at present, and he announced that no progress could be made with the development of the government of Egypt by the Egyptians as long as the agitation against the British occupation continued. There was a considerable display of partisan feeling during the debate on the unseating of Captain Guest in East Dorset; but it was excited by the attack made on the Wimborne family by Mr. Markham, a Liberal, who contrasted what he called the vulgar use of their purse on behalf of the Ministerial candidate with the protests of Mr. Lloyd-George and the Gladstone League against territorial intimidation. The issue of a new writ was opposed also by another Liberal, Mr. Belloc, but the amendment received only 24 votes against 229. There was an important discussion in the Upper House on Monday on the position of the Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean. It was announced that Lord Kitchener had declined to take up the appointment. Severe comment was made by a number of Peers on the Government policy in the matter, and its lack of continuity; but Lord Lucas intimated that the Mediterranean command would be maintained with enlarged duties, including the inspection of all the military forces overseas, except in India. Meantime, in the House of Lords, Lord Rosebery's reform resolutions remain on the notice-paper, under the heading of "No day named."

OUR PRESENTATION PLATES.

WE give as a Supplement with this, our Summer Number, two beautiful coloured plates reproduced from pictures by Mr. Frank Haviland, whose delicate work in portraiture, as well as in imaginary figures, is so familiar to readers of *The Illustrated London News*. In these two examples, representing types of beauty of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries respectively, the artist's exquisite manner is seen at its best. There is character and soul, as well as mere physical beauty, in his women's faces. The eyes of the eighteenth-century belle, in particular, seem to gaze out at one with a fascinating intensity. In both faces the twentieth-century artist has, perhaps, unconsciously introduced some of the twentieth-century woman's awakened intellectual spirit.

"SILENT SORROW."

King Edward's Favourite Terrier, Cæsar, Mourns his Master.



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June 20th to July 6th.

HIS MAJESTY'S FIRST PORTRAIT AS KING OF ENGLAND.



IN THE UNIFORM OF HIS NEW RANK IN THE ROYAL NAVY: KING GEORGE AS ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET.

When he came to the Throne, his Majesty held the rank of Admiral in the Royal Navy, and that of General in the Army. On the 3rd of this month, the Admiralty issued the following announcement: "In accordance with His Majesty's Order in Council of the 31st of May, 1910, His Majesty King George the Fifth, King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India, has been promoted to the rank of Admiral of the Fleet in His Majesty's Fleet. Dated May 7th, 1910." At the same time, the War Office announced: "His Majesty the King has been pleased to assume the rank of Field Marshal. Dated May 7th, 1910." It will be noticed that, although only gazetted this month, both appointments date from the day after King Edward's death.

PUBLISHED BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION OF HIS MAJESTY.—PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, LONDON.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I POINTED out last week that our makers of ultra-modern moralities (and immorality) do not really grasp how problematical a problem is. They are not specially the people who see the difficulties of modern life; rather, they are the people who do not see the difficulties. These innovators make life insanely simple; making freedom or knowledge a universal pill. I remarked it in connection with a clever book by Miss Florence Farr, and took as an instance the proposition (which she seemed to support) that marriage is good for the common herd, but can be advantageously violated by special "experimenters" and pioneers. Now, the weakness of this position is that it takes no account of the problem of the disease of pride. It is easy enough to say that weaker souls had better be guarded, but that we must give freedom to Georges Sand or make exceptions for George Eliot. The practical puzzle is this: that it is precisely the weakest sort of lady novelist who thinks she is Georges Sand; it is precisely the silliest woman who is sure she is George Eliot. It is the small soul that is sure it is an exception; the large soul is only too proud to be the rule. To advertise for exceptional people is to collect all the sulks and sick fancies and futile ambitions of the earth. The good artist is he who can be understood; it is the bad artist who is always "misunderstood." In short, the great man is a man; it is always the tenth-rate man who is the Superman.

But in Miss Farr's entertaining pages there was another instance of the same thing which I had no space to mention last week. The writer disposes of the difficult question of vows and bonds in love by leaving out altogether the one extraordinary fact of experience on which the whole matter turns. She again solves the problem by assuming that it is not a problem. Concerning oaths of fidelity, etc., she writes: "We cannot trust ourselves to make a real love-knot unless money or custom forces us to 'bear and forbear.' There is always the lurking fear that we shall not be able to keep faith unless we swear upon the Book. This is, of course, not true of young lovers. Every first love is born free of tradition; indeed, not only is first love innocent and valiant, but it sweeps aside all the wise laws it has been taught, and burns away experience in its own light. The revelation is so extraordinary, so unlike anything told by the poets, so absorbing, that it is impossible to believe that the feeling can die out."

Now this is exactly as if some old naturalist settled the bat's place in nature by saying boldly, "Bats do not fly." It is as if he solved the problem of whales by bluntly declaring that whales live on land. There is a problem of vows, as of bats and whales. What Miss Farr says about it is quite lucid and explanatory; it simply happens to be flatly untrue. It is not the fact that young lovers have no desire to swear on the Book. They are always at it. It is not the fact that every young love is born free of traditions about binding and promising, about bonds and signatures and seals. On the contrary, lovers wallow in the wildest pedantry and precision about these matters. They do the craziest things to make their love legal and irrevocable. They tattoo each other with promises; they cut into rocks and oaks with their names and vows; they bury ridiculous things in ridiculous places to be a witness against them; they bind each other with rings, and inscribe each other in Bibles; if they are raving lunatics (which is not untenable), they are mad solely on this idea of binding and on nothing else. It is quite

true that the tradition of their fathers and mothers is in favour of fidelity; but it is emphatically not true that the lovers merely follow it; they invent it anew. It is quite true that the lovers feel their love eternal, and independent of oaths; but it is emphatically not true that they do not desire to take the oaths. They have a ravenous thirst to take as many oaths as possible. Now this is the paradox; this is the whole problem. It is not true, as Miss Farr would have it, that young people feel free of vows, being confident of constancy; while old people invent vows, having lost that confidence. That would be much too simple; if that were so there would be no problem at all. The startling but quite solid fact is that young people are

gentleman and half a horse. But there is nothing horsey about the gentleman. The centaur is a manly sort of man—up to a certain point. The mermaid is a womanly woman—so far as she goes. The human parts of these monsters are handsome, like heroes, or lovely, like nymphs; their bestial appendages do not affect the full perfection of their humanity—what there is of it. There is nothing humanly wrong with the centaur, except that he rides a horse without a head. There is nothing humanly wrong with the mermaid; Hood put a good comic motto to his picture of a mermaid: "All's well that ends well." It is, perhaps, quite true; it all depends which end. Those old wild images included a crucial truth. Man is a monster.

And he is all the more a monster because one part of him is perfect. It is not true, as the evolutionists say, that man moves perpetually up a slope from imperfection to perfection, changing ceaselessly, so as to be suitable. The immortal part of a man and the deadly part are jarringly distinct, and have always been. And the best proof of this is in such a case as we have considered—the case of the oaths of love.

A man's soul is as full of voices as a forest; there are ten thousand tongues there like all the tongues of the trees: fancies, follies, memories, madnesses, mysterious fears, and more mysterious hopes. All the settlement and sane government of life consists in coming to the conclusion that some of those voices have authority and others not. You may have an impulse to fight your enemy or an impulse to run away from him; a reason to serve your country or a reason to betray it; a good idea for making sweets or a better idea for poisoning them. The only test I know by which to judge one argument or inspiration from another is ultimately this: that all the noble necessities of man talk the language of eternity. When man is doing the three or four things that he was sent on this earth to do, then he speaks like one who shall live for ever. A man dying for his country does not talk as if local preferences could change. Leonidas does not say, "In my present mood, I prefer Sparta to Persia." William Tell does not remark, "The Swiss civilisation, so far as I can yet see, is superior to the Austrian." When men are making commonwealths, they talk in terms of the absolute, and so they do when they are making (however unconsciously) those smaller commonwealths which are called families. There are in life certain immortal moments, moments that have authority. Lovers are right to tattoo each other's skins and cut each other's names about the world; they do belong to each other, in a more awful sense than they know.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

WITH regard to the photograph, "Queen Alexandra Sitting to a Famous Sculptor at Buckingham Palace," which we published in our issue of June 4 last, we should like to point out that it was not stated in our paper that the photograph was taken recently, nor was there a statement that her Majesty wished the photograph to be circulated among the people. It is obvious to anyone that, at a time of such great grief, her Majesty would not give sittings. The information given under the illustration in our paper was that authorised by and passed by those who supplied us with the photograph for publication; indeed, by the terms of our agreement we were prohibited from saying anything more or less. We may add further that we ourselves have received no official communication on the subject.



RECENTLY INSTALLED AS CHANCELLOR OF LEEDS UNIVERSITY:
THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE IN HIS ACADEMIC ROBES.

At Leeds Town Hall last Saturday a Congregation of the University of Leeds was held for the installation of the new Chancellor, the Duke of Devonshire, and for conferring honorary degrees, among others, on the Prime Minister, Lord Crewe, Lord Lansdowne, and the Speaker. The Duke was installed by the Vice-Chancellor, Sir N. Bodington, who conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws, and the Registrar invested him with the doctoral hood. The new Chancellor was very cordially received. The Duke in his speech referred with pride to the part his family had taken in the development of the University from the old Yorkshire College.

especially fierce in making feitors and final ties at the very moment when they think them unnecessary. The time when they want the vow is exactly the time when they do not need it. That is worth thinking about:

Nearly all the fundamental facts of mankind are to be found in its fables. And there is a singularly sane truth in all the old stories of the monsters—such as centaurs, mermaids, sphinxes, and the rest. It will be noted that in each of these the humanity, though imperfect in its extent, is perfect in its quality. The mermaid is half a lady and half a fish; but there is nothing fishy about the lady. A centaur is half a

ON GRIM DUTY: THE SEARCH FOR THE DEAD CREW OF THE FRENCH SUBMERSIBLE "PLUVIOSE."

DRAVN BY A FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT CALAIS.

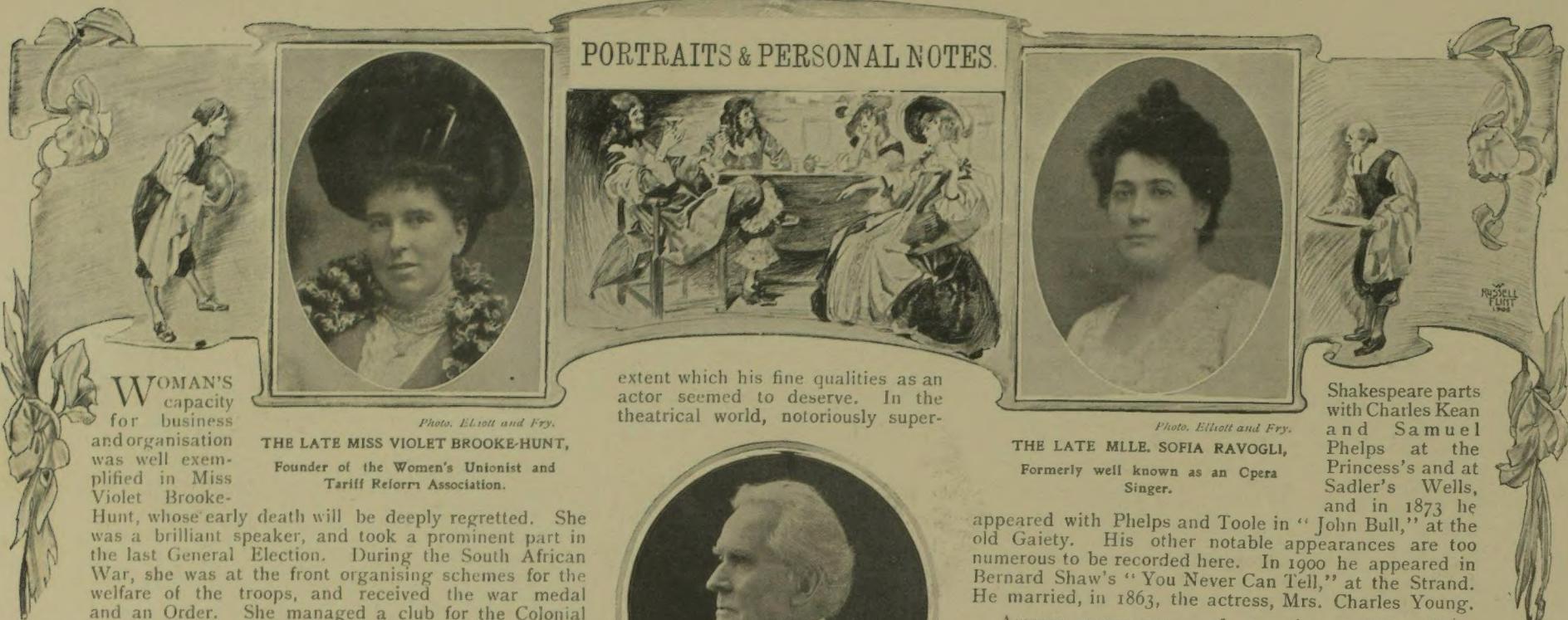


MAKING IT POSSIBLE FOR THE NAVAL DOCTORS TO ENTER THE WRECKED WAR-VESSEL AT LOW TIDE: PUMPING WATER FROM THE "PLUVIOSE" BY NIGHT
IN CALAIS HARBOUR.

The French submersible, the "Pluviose," sunk with all hands after collision with the Channel steamer "Pas-de-Calais," was towed into the inner harbour at Calais on Saturday morning of last week. The first body was removed just before seven o'clock in the evening. That it may be made possible for the naval doctors to enter the vessel, a hose is introduced into the submersible

vessel. This operation precedes every attempt to enter the vessel, and when sufficient water has been pumped out, fresh air is pumped in. At high tide the wreck is covered with water, and then it is that the divers go down in attempts to stop the many cracks in the hull of the ill-fated craft. Work at night is done with the aid of powerful electric lights and the searchlights of the "Ventose," a sister of the "Pluviose," and a torpedo-boat destroyer. Many tributes have been paid to the courage of the doctors,

PORTRAITS & PERSONAL NOTES.



WOMAN'S
capacity
for business
and organisation
was well exemplified in Miss
Violet Brooke-

Hunt, whose early death will be deeply regretted. She was a brilliant speaker, and took a prominent part in the last General Election. During the South African War, she was at the front organising schemes for the welfare of the troops, and received the war medal and an Order. She managed a club for the Colonial troops at the Coronation, and was decorated by King Edward at Buckingham Palace. At the Imperial Press Conference she had charge of the women's side. Her chief work, perhaps, was the founding of the Women's Unionist and Tariff Reform Association. She was also the author of several books.

Mr. Balfour achieved a record by winning the Parliamentary Golf Handicap for the third time, for no one else has won it more than twice. His previous victories were in 1894 and 1897. This year's event took place last Saturday, on the Royal St. George's Club course at Sandwich. The Leader of the Opposition was driving further than he has done for several years, and his play was steady and consistent throughout—a good sign of his physical fitness for the stress of politics.

Mr. Richard Glynn Vivian, whose death occurred a few days ago, was a son of the founder of the well-known copper-smelting works at Landore, South Wales. He was a brother of the late Lord Swansea, and uncle of the present Peer. He had travelled in

many parts of the world, and was a great collector of art treasures. Much of his collection he presented to Swansea, and he built an art-gallery to house it. The town benefited by his philanthropy in many ways. He was also a poet, and as one of the Welsh bards bore the name Glyn o' Sketty. A few years ago he was suddenly afflicted with blindness, a misfortune which found expression in his book of poems "E Tenbris Lux."

Professor Goldwin Smith was born in 1823 at Reading. He went to Eton, and afterwards to Oxford, where he had a brilliant academic career, winning several high classical prizes and scholarships. He was called to the Bar, but never practised, and devoted himself to writing, which was mainly controversial in character. He took a prominent part in the movement which led up to the abolition of religious tests at Oxford, and the general reorganisation of the University, put into effect by the Act of 1871. From 1858 to 1866 he was Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. King Edward, when at Oxford, was one of his pupils. "He never let me see that he was bored," wrote the Professor. "From this I gathered that he would successfully discharge the most arduous duties of royalty." In 1864 Professor Goldwin Smith went to America, and became Professor of English and Constitutional History at Cornell University. In 1871 he migrated to Toronto, and lived there till his death. He wrote a large number of books and contributed constantly to periodicals. He was anti-Imperialistic, and advocated the union of Canada with the United States. On the other hand, he opposed Home Rule for Ireland.

Success never came to Hermann Vezin to the



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE MISS VIOLET BROOKE-HUNT,
Founder of the Women's Unionist and
Tariff Reform Association.



extent which his fine qualities as an actor seemed to deserve. In the theatrical world, notoriously super-



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE Mlle. SOFIA RAVAGLI,
Formerly well known as an Opera
Singer.



Shakespeare parts with Charles Kean and Samuel Phelps at the Princess's and at Sadler's Wells, and in 1873 he appeared with Phellos and Toole in "John Bull," at the old Gaiety. His other notable appearances are too numerous to be recorded here. In 1900 he appeared in Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell," at the Strand. He married, in 1863, the actress, Mrs. Charles Young.

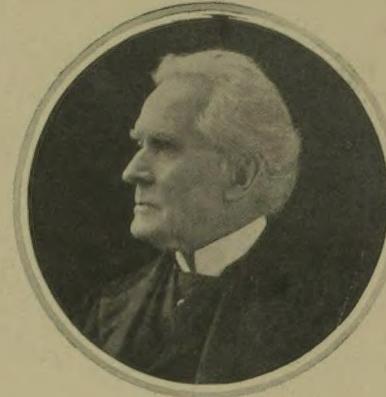


Photo. Ellis and Walery.
THE LATE MR. HERMANN VEZIN,
The Veteran Actor, who has Died at the Age
of Eighty-one.

Among opera-goers of experience, Mlle. Sofia Ravagli, who has just died of heart-failure, in Rome, will be remembered as a distinguished soprano. She appeared with her sister, Giulia Ravagli (Mrs. Harrison Cripps), at Covent Garden in "Aida" and "Orfeo," and she was particularly successful, by reason of her statuesque beauty, in such parts as that of Helen in "Mefistofele."

Sir George Newnes was a pioneer and epoch-maker in the world of journalism. Nearly every one of his ventures was a new departure. This especially applies, of course, to *Tit-Bits*, the *Strand Magazine*, and the *Review of Reviews*. Other papers which he founded include the *Westminster Gazette* (born when the *Pall Mall Gazette* turned Conservative), the *Wide-World Magazine*, *Fry's Magazine*, the *Sunday Strand*, the *Ladies' Field*, and *Woman's Life*. In latter years he also took up the publication of books, in which he was equally successful. Born in 1851, the son of a Nonconformist minister, at Matlock, Sir George carved out his own career. After leaving the City of London School, he spent five years in a fancy-goods warehouse, and

was then sent to establish a branch of the firm in Manchester. It was there that the brilliant idea occurred to him which was the basis of his fortune. Reading a paragraph from a paper to his wife one day, he said, "That is what I call a real tit-bit. Now, why cannot a paper be brought out containing nothing but tit-bits, like this?" The next year, 1881, saw the first number of *Tit-Bits*. Lady Newnes, whom he married in 1875, is a daughter of the Rev. J. Hillyard, of Leicester. Sir George was M.P. for Newmarket from 1885 to 1895, and for Swansea from 1900 until last January. He was made a Baronet in 1895.

Probably a record in advances of salary has been achieved by Mr. W. H. Clark, private secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, it is understood, has been appointed to a high position in India, his salary consequently rising from £300 to £5334 per annum. He is to have charge, it is said, of the Department of Commerce and Industry on the Viceroy's Executive Council. Mr. Clark, who is only thirty-four, was educated at Eton and Trinity, Cambridge. He went to Shanghai as secretary of the Special Mission for concluding a commercial treaty with China.

In 1903 he became secretary to the Royal Commission on the Supply of Food in Time of War.

At the Imperial Press Conference a year ago the late Sir Robert Kyffin Thomas, of Adelaide, became well acquainted with fellow-journalists in this country. He was President of the delegations of the Conference and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Overseas Delegates. His knighthood was conferred last February. He was editor and part proprietor of the *Observer*, at Adelaide, and took an active share in that city's public affairs.

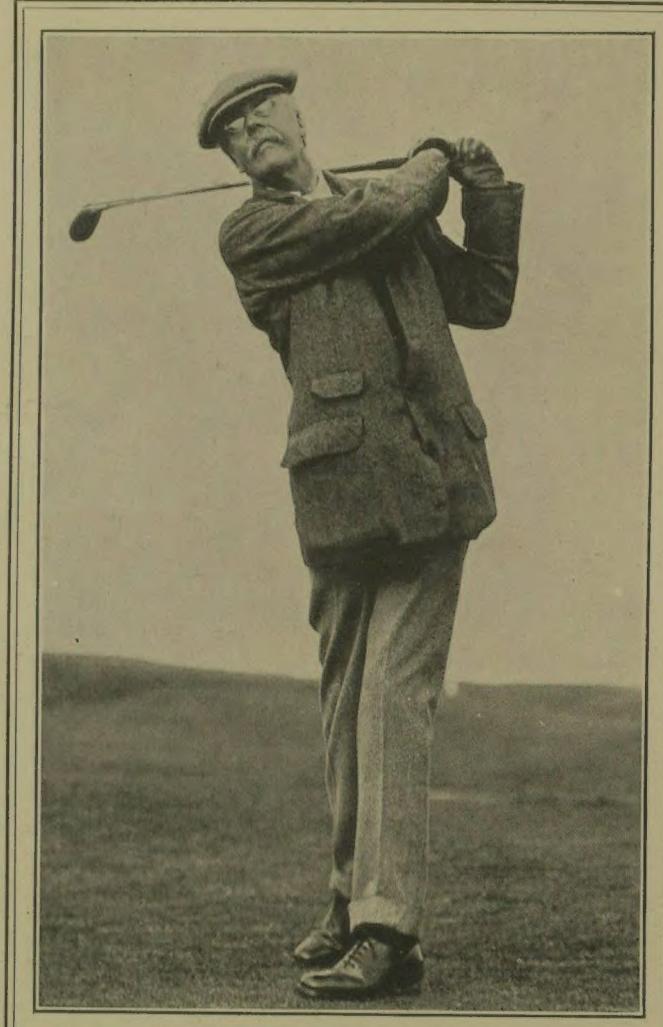


Photo. L.N.A.
WINNER OF THE PARLIAMENTARY GOLF HANDICAP FOR THE THIRD TIME: MR. BALFOUR ON THE LINKS AT SANDWICH.

stitious, he got a reputation for ill-luck which was really a serious handicap. He was born in 1829, at Philadelphia, and came to England in 1850. He played

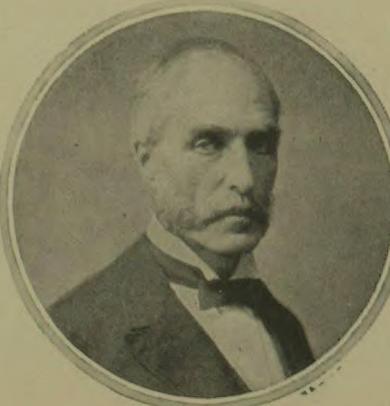


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH.
The famous Writer and Philosopher.



Photo. Russell.
MR. W. H. CLARK,
Said to have been Appointed Head of the Department of Commerce and Industry in India.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR ROBERT KYFFIN THOMAS,
The well-known Australian Newspaper Proprietor.

A HEREDITARY RULER—THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA:
HIS WIFE AND HIS GRANDFATHER-PREDECESSOR.



1. THE WIFE OF THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA: LADY HARDINGE
(FORMERLY THE HON. WINIFRED STURT.)

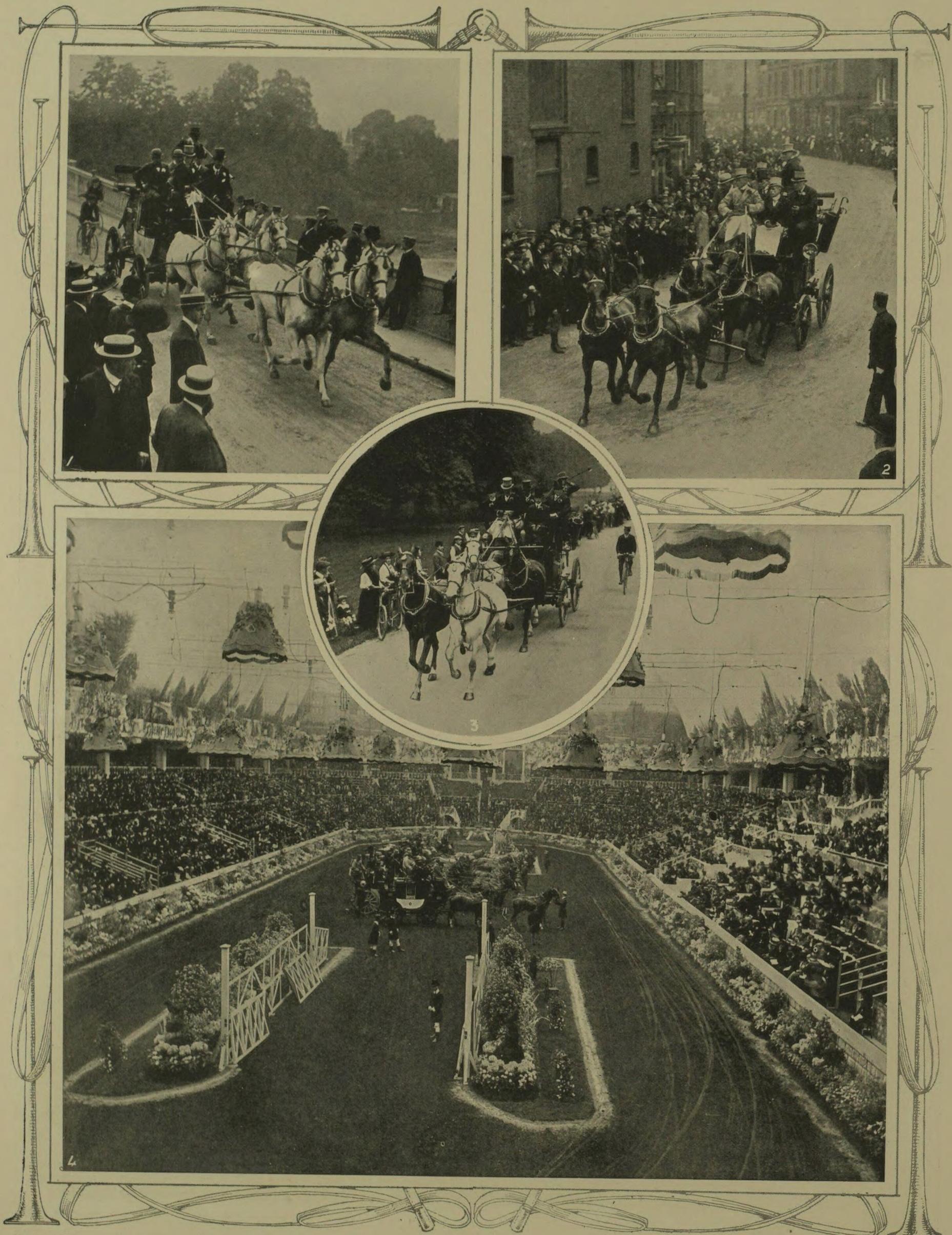
2. LIKE GRANDFATHER LIKE GRANDSON: THE FIRST VISCOUNT HARDINGE (GRANDFATHER
OF THE NEW VICEROY) FORMERLY GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA.

3. THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA: THE RIGHT HON. SIR CHARLES HARDINGE, P.C., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., C.B.

Sir Charles Hardinge may be said to have a hereditary interest in the Viceroyalty of India, since his grandfather, the first Viscount Hardinge of Lahore, who distinguished himself in the Peninsular War and at Ligny, was Governor-General of India from 1844 to 1848. Sir Charles himself has studied the foreign politics of India from various points of view. He served successively at Constantinople, Berlin, Washington, Sofia, Bucharest, Paris, Teheran, and St. Petersburg. He was a close friend of King Edward, whom he accompanied on many foreign visits. Since 1906 he has been Permanent Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The news of his appointment has been warmly welcomed in India, where it is a special cause of satisfaction that there is also a Vicereine. Lady Hardinge was the Hon. Winifred Sturt, daughter of the first Lord Alington, and Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen Alexandra. Her two sons, Edward and Alexander, were named after the late King and the Queen Mother, and her daughter, Diamond, after King Edward's horse Diamond Jubilee, which had just won the Derby when she was born.

PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1 BY RITA MARTIN; NO. 3 BY LAFAYETTE.

THE COACHING MARATHON: FROM BUSHEY PARK TO OLYMPIA
BY FOUR-IN-HAND.



1. THE WINNER OF THE COACHING MARATHON: MR. A. G. VANDERBILT DRIVING OVER RICHMOND BRIDGE.

3. SECOND TO REACH OLYMPIA AND WINNER OF THE THIRD PRIZE: JUDGE MOORE LEAVING BUSHEY PARK.

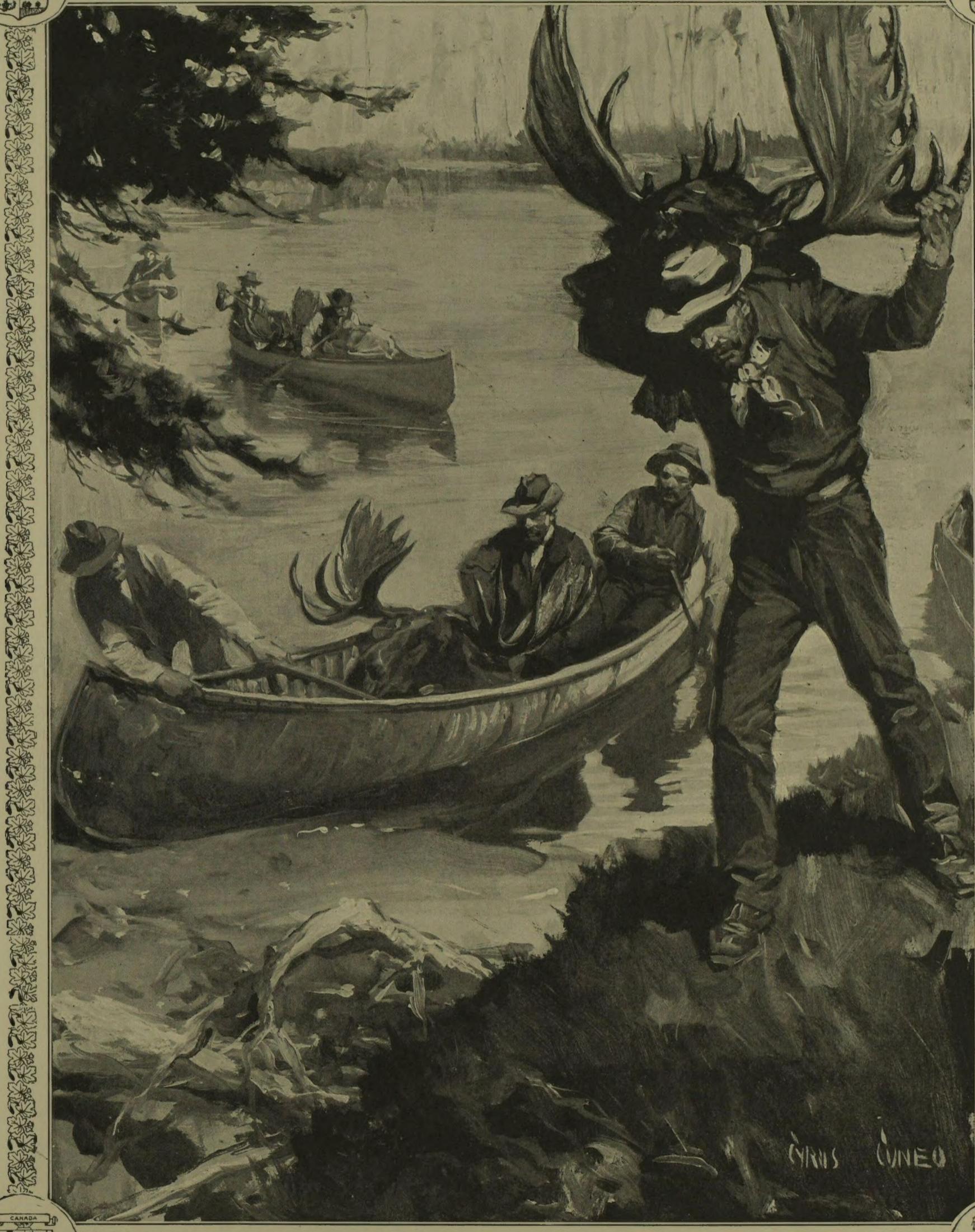
2. HOW THE COACHES CAME TO OLYMPIA: THE TANTIVY (THE ESHER COACH) DRIVEN BY MR. P. H. HUGHES, ARRIVING.

4. AFTER THE DRIVE FROM BUSHEY PARK TO OLYMPIA: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE COACHES FORMED UP IN THE ARENA.

Little thought Pheidippides, when he ran from Marathon to Athens to announce the great victory, that his achievement would provide a generic name for a race two thousand years after, in a civilisation to whose development that victory at Marathon so largely contributed. The Coaching Marathon in connection with the International Horse Show took place last Saturday, and was won, for the second time in succession, by Mr. A. G. Vanderbilt, whose coaching service between London and Brighton is so well known. The cup now becomes his property. Mr. Vanderbilt's team of greys are of the American trotter breed, able to trot 15 to 16 miles an hour, while English horses usually do little more than 12. The time was 41 minutes, and the distance a little under 10 miles. The prize, however, was not of necessity awarded to the first arrival—no racing, or even cantering, being allowed. The second prize was won by Mr. E. H. Brown, who came in third; the third by Judge Moore, who came in second, nine minutes behind Mr. Vanderbilt and seven minutes ahead of Mr. Brown.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N. AND SPORT AND GENERAL]

THE RETURN OF THE HUNTERS: SPORT IN CANADA.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, CYRUS CUNEO, R.O.I.



AFTER A GOOD DAY: BRINGING IN THE MOOSE-HEADS.

Our Illustration shows the end of a good day's sport, the hunters bringing in the moose-heads. Amongst those provinces of Canada that afford the best moose-hunting must be mentioned Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, and Ontario. The moose, a big, very powerful animal, weighing 1000 lb. or so when fully grown, has a spread of antlers from five to six feet across.

THE DRAMATIC ILLUSTRATION OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES:
THE PASSION PLAY OF OBERAMMERGAU.



1. CHRIST WASHING THE FEET OF HIS DISCIPLES.

2. THE MAGDALEN ANOINTING THE HEAD OF CHRIST.

3. THE LAST SUPPER.

4. CHRIST BROUGHT BEFORE CAIAPHAS.

5. CHRIST'S FAREWELL TO THE VIRGIN MARY.

As we had occasion to remark, when publishing photographs of the world-famous Oberammergau Passion play in our issue of June 4, the play in question is produced once every ten years in accordance with a vow made on the cessation of the Great Plague that devastated Oberammergau and its neighbourhood in 1634.

THE PRESENTATION OF THE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY:
TWO OF THE GREAT SCENES.



1. CHRIST BROUGHT BEFORE PILATE.

2. CHRIST MEETING THE VIRGIN MARY WHILE ON THE ROAD TO CALVARY.

Until 1815 the play was performed, according to the custom of the Middle Ages, in the churchyard. In 1820 a meadow outside the village was used, in order that it might be possible for more people to see the presentation. The stage then used had an open proscenium (138 feet broad) for the chorus and the principal scenes of the drama. Behind was a covered part for the tableaux vivants, and for incidents calling for the use of an enclosed space lighted from above. Ten years ago the old auditorium was replaced by an erection of iron. A vaulted roof covers seating-accommodation for an audience of over 4000 people. The only part of the theatre not covered over is the podium for the chorus, which permits a view of the surrounding mountains. The play begins at eight o'clock in the morning and ends at six o'clock, with a two hours' interval for luncheon.

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A VILLAGE AS A WORLD'S CENTRE: OBERAMMERGAU DURING THE PASSION-PLAY PERIOD.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWARD CUCUEL.



VILLAGE ACTORS AND COSMOPOLITAN AUDIENCE: PLAYERS IN THE PASSION PLAY AND VISITORS TO OBERAMMERGAU IN THE VILLAGE.

During the Passion-Play period, the little village of Oberammergau is crowded with visitors of all nationalities. Indeed, it is expected that no fewer than two hundred thousand will journey to it this year. All those who take part in the actual production (some seven hundred people) are natives of Oberammergau.

PRACTICAL CHARITY: NO "TWOPENNY FLOWERS FOR TWENTY FRANCS."

DRAWN BY RÉNÉ LELONG.



CHARITY AS IT IS TO-DAY, FAIR PURCHASERS LEAVING A BAZAAR WITH THE VEGETABLES THEY HAVE BOUGHT.

Of this subject, a French paper remarks: "As Jean Richepin says in his charming poem, charity used to consist in buying, from a pretty seller, a twopenny flower for 20 francs. To-day when everything is Americanised, even charity is practical, and people like to have their money's worth, and be charitable into the bargain! Consequently, dainty buyers leave a charity bazaar with vegetables for soup, or some useful article for the house, and no longer with useless objects to be thrown away! Such was the sale at the Orphelinat des Arts, the results of which were magnificent, as nobody was afraid to go to a bazaar under such circumstances."

At the Sign



The inhabitants of St. Paul's Church yard are much disturbed by robbers and others . . .

ANDREW LANG ON NOVELS, NOVELISTS, AND SCOTTISH KIRKS.

EVEN with members of the House of Lords indecent and injudicious liberties may be taken—by novelists, for example. I have not, indeed, managed to read "The Mystery of Barry Ingram," by Miss Annie S. Swan, though anything mysterious naturally attracts me. But the real mystery is why Miss Swan introduces as one of her characters Lord Fincastle. This gentleman is not unknown to fame. In the South African War he obtained the Victoria Cross, and though he is now Earl of Dunmore, he has a son who is Lord Fincastle, and who is much too young to figure in a novel. If any novelist—say, Miss Corelli—were to introduce into a romance a character who is by profession a novelist, and by name Annie S. Swan, the fair author of "The Mystery of Barry



BUILT BY A DUKE TO CELEBRATE HIS ESCAPE FROM A BISHOP OF COLOGNE: THE CATHEDRAL AT FREIBURG.

"Freiburg was founded . . . by that versatile charcoal-burner, Berthold, first Duke of Zähringen. This was in 1090, but it was under Berthold the third Duke that it received its present name. . . . Berthold III. was taken prisoner by a warlike Bishop of Cologne, who treated him so cruelly in his captivity that he determined if he should ever regain his freedom to celebrate the event by making a free town of his village, and build there a cathedral."

Ingram" would not like it. Nobody likes that kind of thing. It is either a liberty—if the author knows that there is a *real* Annie S. Swan; or is felt as a slight—if the novelist be honestly unaware that such an artist exists in *rerum natura*, for the fact is notorious.

In America, literary criticism is not always well informed. I have received a pretty thick volume, styled "Their Day in Court," which convicts me of amazing ignorance, only pardonable, if pardonable at all, to extreme old age. The criticisms are concerned, in nineteen cases out of twenty, with books, almost always novels, which I never read, and of which, often, I never heard any mortal mention. Of "Les Demi-vierges" I have heard, and even purchased and tried to read it, in a boat, on Loch Duich. But I cast it into the deep, and the spirits of mankind of the early Age of Iron, of men who built the crannogs of Loch Duich, may improve their minds with this immortal work.

Of "Sir Richard Calmady" I may say *vidi tantum*. By the instinct of genius I discovered the most passionate chapter, and began to read it, but it bored me. "L'Homme qui Rit" is enough for a lifetime, without the afflicted baronet.

There seem to be so many up-to-date novels that I never read. "Dodo" was one of them. Much was said, by the critic, concerning Dodo: among other things, that she was generally supposed to be the portrait of a certain living and much-respected lady, who would be as much surprised as the reader if I mentioned her name. You never could guess it if you tried for a twelvemonth.

The critic was very severe on a number of authors and on novels which, I presume, have had a sonorous moment of renown, but the trumpets of their fame never reached me. Where are the snows of yester-year, and is it worth while to war, at great length, with such poor daughters of a day?



Playing nine pins at unsociable hours
From a printed notice dated May 27th 1851.

Photo, Russel.
MR. FORD MADOC HUEFFER,
Whose new Novel, "The Portrait," has been Published
by Messrs. Methuen.

It is very difficult for a Scot, and quite impossible for an alien, to understand the many different kirks of my native land. Long ago a Catholic priest and a Presbyterian minister were wrangling. The minister, like Mr. Hay Fleming in his recent work, "The Scottish Reformation," brought many charges against the Catholic Church in Scotland. "When your Kirk has been as long at the fire as ours, it will be quite as black," said the priest. Now it is *not* by any means so black as Halie Kirk of the days when Cardinal Beaton was murdered by the godly.

But it is in smithereens, "its end is pieces." I quote from a newspaper the following remarks, which are destitute of sweet reasonableness—

In the course of a recent debate the Rev. Angus Mackay, of Kingussie, expressed his views regarding hymns and organs in the following graceful terms: "Innovations, or unscriptural modes of worship, were sure to break down the institutions of God; and the use of organs—instrumental music in the Church—led and tended to the instruments of torture. Innovations were sure to lead into bondage.

A GERMAN HAUNT OF OLD ROMANCE: SCENES THAT IMPRESSED AN ENGLISHMAN IN THE BLACK FOREST.

Illustrations Reproduced from "A Book of the Black Forest," by C. E. Hughes, by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Methuen.

[SEE REVIEW ON ANOTHER PAGE.]

As they dreaded fire and kidnappers, as they guarded against murderers, thieves, and robbers, they should guard against Ritualists."

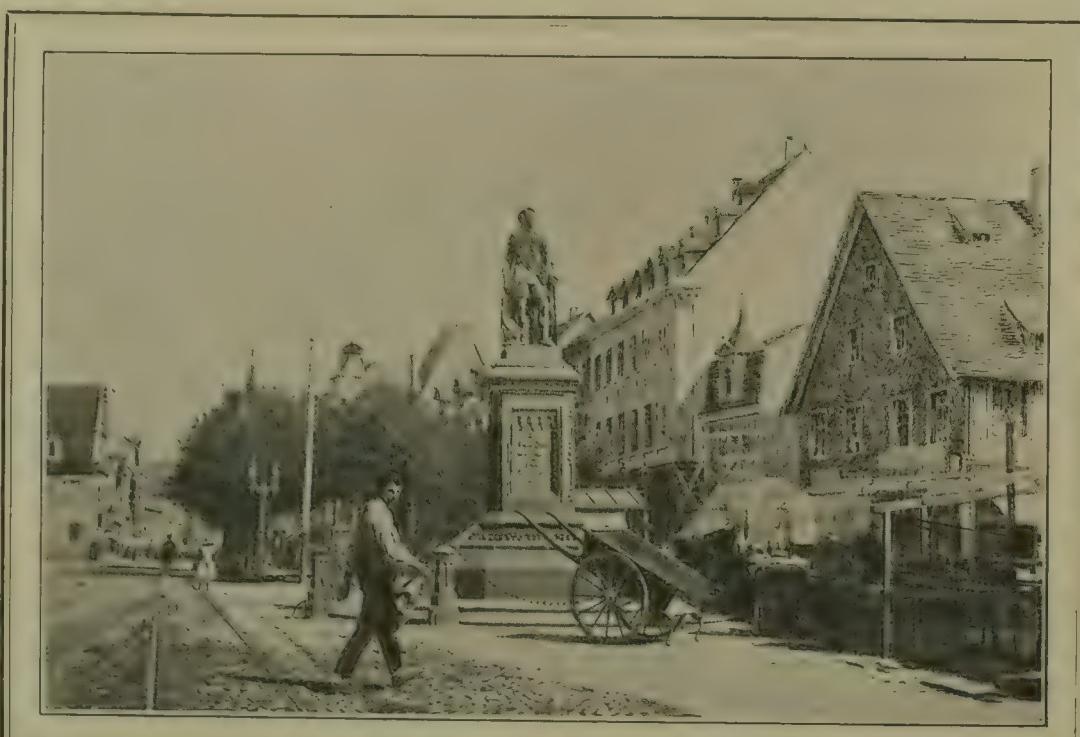
Mr. Mackay may have meant, when he mentioned "instruments of torture," gramophones; if so my heart is with him! But he was described as a cleric of "The Free Church," which is a very large body of very Liberal theologians; I thought, and I marvelled. But I had forgotten that "The Free Church" is now a tiny Kirk, of yore called "The Wee Frees," and that the large Kirk is "The United Free Church," and is not, like "The Free Church," mainly Celtic. It is the minute

Celtic community that regards organs, and even harmonia, as apt to lead up to the rack, the stake, and that extreme torment of the "pilniewinks," the boot and the thumbscrew. Mr. Mackay need not be alarmed: he may securely trust that no amateur of the organ will ever put him in the boot or the thumbscrews. The Original Secession and the Reformed Presbyterians are perfectly safe. "His 'owls was horgans," says Mrs. Gamp, but organs will never lead up to howls of bodily anguish from tortured saints.



ROMAN CATHOLIC SYMBOLISM IN SOUTHERN GERMANY:
A CRUCIFIX IN THE PRECHTHAL VALLEY.

"Among the emblems . . . are a hammer, an auger, some nails and a pair of pincers, and a ladder . . . a spear with a sponge on its head, a scourge, a sword, a spiked club, a column with a chain, piece of rope . . . a chalice and cup; a lantern; a hand; Judas' bag, the seamless garment, and the dice. A little figure of the Virgin . . . in some cases a Roman soldier on horseback."



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE COMMEMORATED IN GERMANY AS THE PIONEER OF POTATOES.
HIS STATUE AT OFFENBURG.

"In the market-place . . . is a statue to . . . Sir Francis Drake . . . The statue is erected, not to the man who first sailed round the world, but to the man who first introduced potatoes into Europe. . . . Drake's left elbow rests on an anchor, there is a globe at his right foot, and a vessel behind him, and in his right hand he carries a map of South America. In his left hand is a singularly well-grown pot-to-plant, potatoes and all."



“Pink Poppies.”

FROM THE PAINTING BY MAURICE RANDALL.

By permission of the Autotype Co., 74, New Oxford St., W.C.

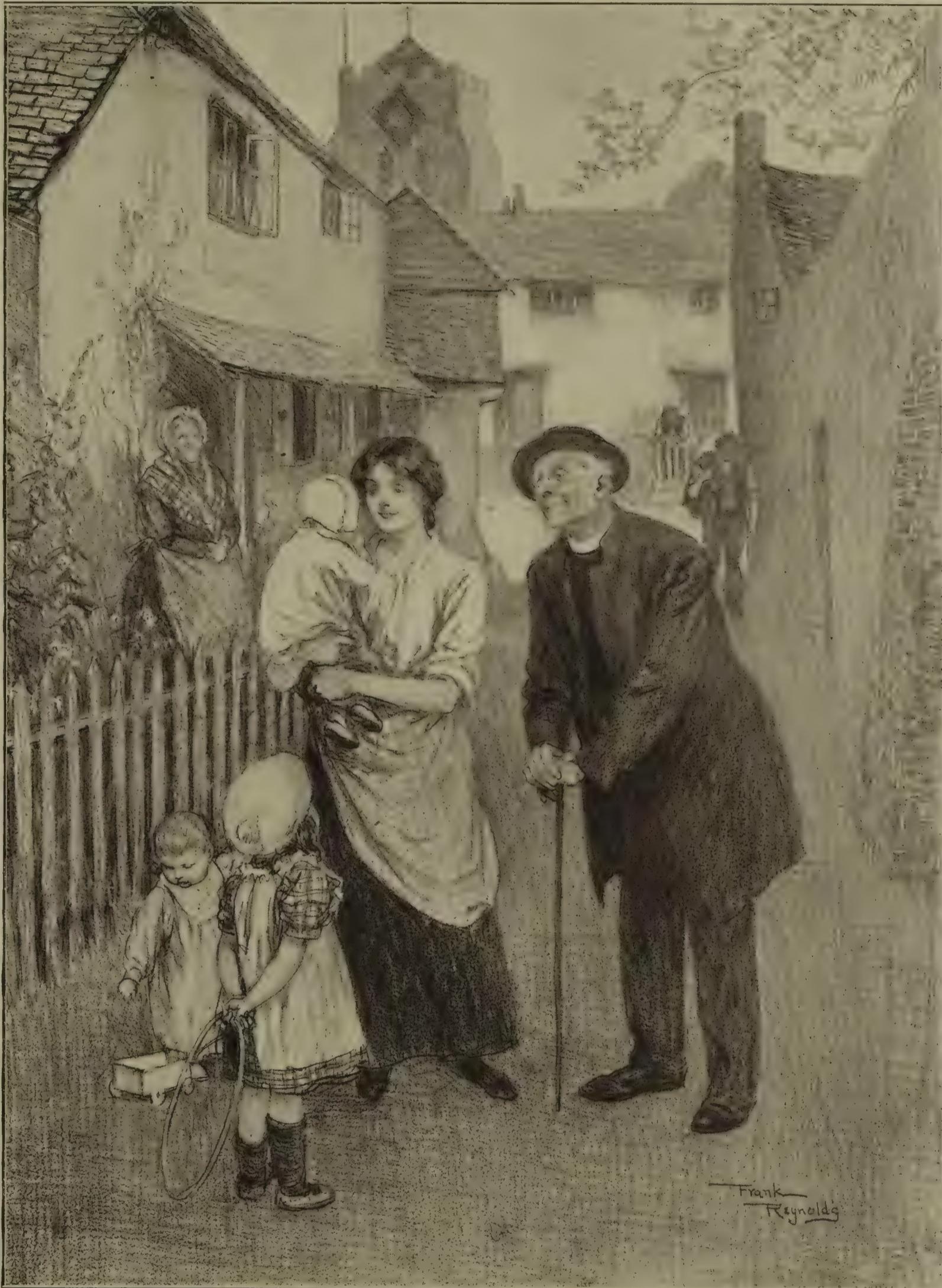
Peculiarly British Types: Studies by Frank Reynolds.



The Farmer.

"The farmer loves his country; and imagines that freedom and domestic comfort, those two essentials to happiness, are not to be met with out of it; nor is the 'roast beef of Old England' forgotten in his catalogue of the advantages it possesses over its continental neighbours, whose ragouts, fricasses, and omelettes, he holds in the most unqualified contempt. Yet his patriotism rests on higher grounds than these; he loves the land of his birth for its own sake; he values its laws and institutions, is proud of its political importance, and loves to talk of its widely extended dominion. That he is ready to fight for it, he has proved."—"HEADS OF THE PEOPLE."

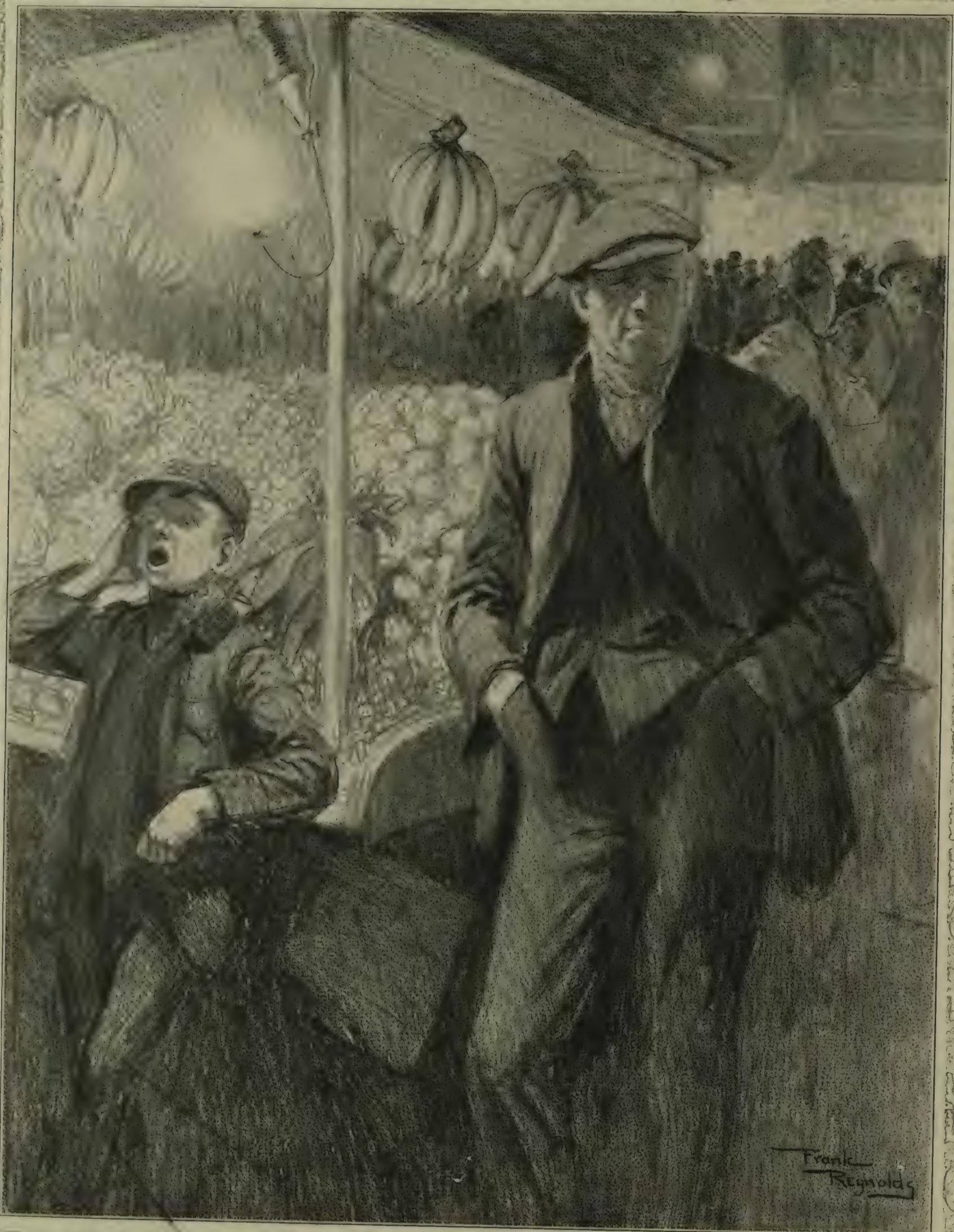
Peculiarly British Types: Studies by Frank Reynolds.



~ The Country Vicar. ~

"Then, as the rector or vicar is something of a banker and a doctor, so, also, he is something of a lawyer and general agent as well.... In a majority of English villages he is the soul and centre of the social life of the neighbourhood, the guarantee of its unity, the tribunal to which local differences and difficulties are referred, and before which they are amicably settled.... The condition of those parishes in which the resident clergyman does not use the manifold influences at his disposal for good, and neglects or misconceives the plain duties of his position, is the best proof of the extent of clerical opportunities."—ESCORR'S "ENGLAND."

Peculiarly British Types: Studies by Frank Reynolds.



Frank
Reynolds

The Coster.

"He may like his pot of ale, and in times of stress his language may be a trifle lurid, but there is not much that is harmful in the London costermonger. . . . When Big Ben tolls the hour of four in the morning, sixty thousand costers are getting out of their beds. . . . To maintain his home, the London coster labours incessantly. . . . The costers have their foibles like other men. When they find themselves with a spare sovereign, they worry themselves until they get rid of it; but let us always remember that the coster never thinks he can go too far in serving a friend."—"LIVING LONDON."

Peculiarly British Types: Studies by Frank Reynolds.



The Blue.

"As the fortunes of the game fluctuate, a sympathetic ripple seems to run through the watching multitude. A catch is muffed, and a mighty roar batters on the welkin. A hero is dismissed, and a murmur goes up like the growl of a disappointed beast. The ball is hit to the boundary thrice in succession to a crescendo of ecstatic cheering... At the cessation of play the crowd rushes on to the field. The heroes of the day walk to the pavilion through a lane of frenzied worshippers, salvo on salvo of applause thundering in their ears."—"LIVING LONDON."

Love in Lemnos, the Island that was Inhabited only by Women.



"A LEMNIAN IDYLL."—FROM THE PAINTING BY G. LAWRENCE BULLEID, A.R.W.S.

"The myth ran," says Rawlinson, "that in Lemnos at the time of the Argonautic expedition there were no males, the women having revenged their ill-treatment upon the men by murdering them all. The Argonauts touched at the island, and were received with great favour. They stayed some months, and the subsequent population of the island was the fruit of this visit. . . . Sophocles wrote a tragedy, which is lost, upon this piece of ancient story."

By PERMISSION OF THE AUTOTYPE COMPANY, 74, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.

Game and Oracle in One: A Sport Favoured by the Ancient Greeks.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. RUSSELL FLINT.



SEEKING TO KNOW HIS FATE AS LOVER AND TO SHOW HIS DEFTNESS OF HAND: PLAYING COTTABOS.

To quote Smith's "Dictionary of Antiquities": Cottabos was "a game much in use at Athenian symposia, especially in the fifth and fourth centuries B.C. . . . Briefly described, the object of the game was to throw a small quantity of wine at a mark. . . . Two main forms of the game are distinguishable in the written accounts, apart from minor variations; namely, that played with or without special apparatus. The latter class may be shortly described first. It was the κότταβος δι' ὀλυβέφων, for which nothing more than the ordinary accessories of a drinking-party were required. In this a κρατήρ, or mixing-bowl, filled with water, was set in the midst,

and in it a number of empty saucers floating. The object here was to sink the saucers by throwing the άδραξ (the wine) into them, and he who sank the greatest number received the κοτταβίον. The κότταβος καράκτος . . . required a special apparatus. . . . As is well known, the κότταβος was used as a method of love-augury. The name of the beloved object was pronounced or thought of by each player as he threw the wine, and the success or failure of the suit was augured according as the sound of the άδραξ upon the πλιστηξ (a bronze bowl) was sharp and clear, or dull and confused." Prizes of cakes or sweetmeats went to the successful competitors.

One of the Fairest Sights in Fair France.



ON HER WAY TO HER FIRST COMMUNION.—FROM THE PICTURE BY C. LEANDRE.

It is a truism to say that one of the fairest sights of France is provided by the children on their way to their first Communion, the girls in white, veiled and with flowers about their heads; the boys in their best.



The Beauty of Other Years: 1.—The Seventeenth Century.

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANK HAVILAND.



"IT."
BEING A STORY OF LONDON SOCIETY.
BY E. F. BENSON,

Author of "Dodo," "Mammon and Co.," "The Luck of the Vails," "The Relentless City," "The Challengers," "The Image in the Sand," "The Climber," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. SIMONT.

MISS BLAIR, Milly Berringer's maid, got into an empty third-class carriage after her mistress, and, with a suspicious eye, dusted the seat (for herself, not for Milly) in a distrustful manner, because she could not tell, as was indeed true, "whoever had been sitting on it last"! Milly, who had preceded her, carried a large bag of golf-clubs, by the aid of which she had just succeeded in beating Everard Gunson at the eighteenth hole, while Miss Blair was only weighted with an infinitesimal red-leather bag, which contained the very few jewels which her mistress possessed, and a cigarette-case and two umbrellas.

"I couldn't have cut short the match even if I had known I should miss the train," exclaimed Milly, taking off her hat. "And we've got a carriage to ourselves, which is lovely!"

"But it's a smoking-carriage, Miss," said Blair, acutely observing a very large blue-lettered label to that effect.

"I know; so there won't be any women coming bothering in with fifty hat-boxes each," remarked Milly. "Also, I shall have a cigarette as soon as the train starts."

"But it's a corridor - carriage, Miss," said Blair, who always saw an objection to anything.

"Then if anyone comes in, I shall hand my cigarette to you, dear old Blair," said Milly cordially. "Oh, do sit down and give me my bag."

Blair handed it with a sniff of protest.

"I don't know if you are aware, Miss," she said, "that we don't stop till we get to London. But I daresay there's a restaurant-car on the train."

"Good gracious!" said Milly. "Then get out quick and buy some sandwiches and ginger-beer. Lunch on the train is three-and-sixpence each."

"What sort of sandwiches, Miss?" asked Blair, in the resigned sort of voice that Early Christian martyrs might have used when they asked at what time the lions were ordered.

"Oh, any sort. No, I'll go; you can't run. Keep all the places in the carriage, and don't let anybody else get in."

"I don't know how I am to prevent them, Miss," said Blair.

Milly hastily put on her hat again, ran down the length of Exeter Station, and flew into the refreshment-room. Without malice (because she had not got any) she could not help being tremendously amused at Blair's genteel disapproval of her and her ways.

She always travelled third class herself (except when some convenient person like her father was good enough to pay her fare) because she was far too sensible to spend the little pocket-money which had to suffice for so many wants, in purchasing a few hours' probable solitude in stuffier carriages at so great a price as was involved in first-class tickets, and she would have travelled without Blair if her mother had allowed it. But as Milly often reflected, Lady Berringer had as keen a sense of propriety as Blair herself, while she herself had really no idea what that sort of propriety was all about.

Once, on the first journey that she and Blair had taken together, she had informed that lady that she herself was going third, but that Blair might, if she expected it, go second. And though second was the proper class for Blair to travel (considering the families she had been with), the Early-Christian-martyr spirit had come to her aid, and she had resignedly then and ever since embarked on compartments where nobody could tell who ever had sat down there last.

Milly returned with a large bag and two stone bottles, and the train started. With scrupulous fairness she apportioned the sandwiches and buns, and gave Blair her moiety with one of the stone bottles.

"You've not got a glass, Miss," said Blair, meaning that she herself had not.

"Drink out of the bottle," said Milly, with complete comprehension.

But there were limits to Blair's concessions, and she sniffed and went dry.

Milly had bought a sixpenny paper novel at Exeter, which would have been rather an extravagance had it not been a book which her mother had recommended her not to read; but it remained unopened and the projected cigarette unsmoked after she had eaten her lunch, which tasted too delicious. There was a ham sandwich and a hot, doughy bun, and a banana and the ginger-beer, and she was hungry and thirsty, as was generally the case with her at meal-times. Also, there was a guard whom she smiled at with such effect (Milly's habit was to smile at everybody; which sometimes led to complications) that he piloted a young gentleman of abhorrent appearance to the far end of the corridor-carriage, glibly assuring him that he would be much more comfortable

there, and never came back to insinuate that so signal a service merited the most moderate kind of reward. Milly, as a matter of fact, was ready with an appropriate shilling, but both the guard and her novel slipped from her mind, and she looked out of the window, seeing the miles of budding country fly past, without further reminiscence of either. For the time of year was early May, and she was on her way to town after Easter in the country, and London promised to be quite unusually delightful.

The country had been delightful too, for Milly found her delights thick and broadcast over the land like manna; the weather had been heavenly, and even in April lawn-tennis had been possible; Lord Wroxham had proposed to her, and though Milly had declined, it was nice to be wanted, even by a man who must be well over forty; and now the train was taking her as fast as possible to enjoy the delights of her second season. And there was no position the world contained that she would have taken in exchange for her own, in this her twentieth year of youth and the most effervescent of spirits. She found her lot in every way delightful, just as she would have found it delightful if she had been going to spend the summer months in Clapham Junction instead of Curzon Street, owing to the excellence of its train service and its short distance from town.

It was very largely this tremendous optimism on the part of her mistress that led the austere Blair to accept the inconvenience of such things as ginger-beer without a glass, and the degradation of third-class carriages. But there was much more than that of which the world no less than Blair was conscious. Blair, for instance, had been in service with an ennobled brewer (in whose house, indeed, they had just been staying) before she came to attend to Milly, and she saw the difference between Gunsons and Berringers with extreme distinctness. Gunsons habitually had saloon-carriages with a first-class compartment attached, and on occasions special trains; while Milly went third class and carried her own golf-clubs across the platform—a thing which the Hon. Adèle Gunson would never have dreamed of doing, still less have done. Yet, in spite of their pride and their saloon-carriages and coronets, Gunsons were Gunsons still, though they gave wonderful balls and owned wonderful houses and had royalty to dinner. But Berringers were Berringers, and royalties came quietly to tea. Also they said "Lady Gunson" to Lady Gunson, but to Lady Berringer they said, "Flo, dear!" Blair knew.

Why Berringers were Berringers was a thing outside Blair's comprehension, and indeed it was hard of explanation, but it was so. They were poor, really quite poor; most of them were quite ordinary, and a few of them only (happily) most extraordinary. One such had lately been made a bankrupt, another had long ago made himself a drunkard; but, by some inscrutable decree of nature, they had, as a family heirloom, that indefinable something which we call charm. They had all of them a tremendous zest for life; they were all pleasant and kind, even those who were drunk and bankrupt; they had something as tonic about them as a fresh sea-wind, and they all saw some bright spot in the most untoward things that happened to them and their friends. They disregarded clouds; but were most appreciative of silver linings. Milly's only brother, for instance, had had the misfortune a year or two ago to cheat at cards (this was much the worst thing that had ever happened to the Berringers), but the whole family, with the certainty of homing bees, instantly fixed their cheerful minds on the glorious climate of some vague district in Western Australia to which poor, darling Bill betook himself, instead of repining over his disgusting achievement. Similarly, when his first cousin (who was a drunkard) was ordered to take a long

sea-voyage in a ship that incidentally touched at New Zealand, they only saw the comfort it would be to poor Bill to run across from Western Australia and see poor Ben. Both these pleasant places were very remote; they were therefore probably close together.

Milly on this particular journey from Exeter had a certain sense of escape in her mind, which no doubt added to the pleasure of her lunch. She had been spending Easter with the Gunsons, as has been said, and she was quite well aware why she had been sent there. For Lord Wroxham had been spending Easter there too, and she was afraid her mother, who was not a Berringer, would be disappointed at the want of result. But Milly had felt that she really could not do it: he was old, quite old, over forty certainly, and his chief characteristics were that he lived alternately in two old castles in the country, and collected coins. These were dug up by his gardener among curious Roman walls, and placed in plush-lined cabinets. Otherwise he had no zest for life at all, and found not the slightest pleasure in all the things that so enthralled Milly: swallows

teaching their young to fly, herons clattering at sunset overhead with pendulous legs and twilight businesses, hedge-sparrows making a prodigious bustle over nothing at all. And Lord Wroxham, though she supposed he cared about her, cared, really

cared, whether a coin was of the reign

of Hadrian or Caligula. He looked

rather like a coin himself too, with

his Roman nose and slightly

pompous chin. There had been

another man there too, who she

felt might also have been in

Lady Berringer's mind, though

even Milly could never tell

for certain what was or was

not in that chamber of

thought where so many re-

markable processes went

on—namely, young Jack

Morris. As a matter of fact,

Lady Berringer, who was

accustomed to have at least

two strings to her bow when

there was any scheme such

as Milly's marriage on hand,

had been quite aware of his

presence there—indeed, had

both procured him his invitation

and taken care that he should

accept it. During the early spring,

he had been told to drop in to

lunch whenever he felt inclined, which

he had constantly done, and by Easter

she had decided he would "do." Nobody

quite seemed to know who he was, and cer-

tainly nobody cared, for his father was a man of

great wealth, procured by gallons of oil or tons of

rubber, thus not partaking of the ancestral dignities

of those who had made fortunes in South Africa or

American railroads. He was but a mushroom compared to them, so quickly does the world move; but there he was, somewhere in the City, and there was his son, good-looking, immensely wealthy, and anxious to please and ready to be pleased. Only, as Milly observed, "Of course, it isn't his fault, darling mother, but he is a cad!"

She and her father and mother dined alone, for the first and probably the last time that season, on the evening that Milly arrived home, and after dinner Lord Berringer had gone round to his club to seek after a rubber of bridge, and thus Milly and her mother were left alone. His wife usually discouraged bridge, for his luck was as vile as his play (a depressing condition of things, but one which never detracted one jot from his pleasure in the game, or shook the conviction that he was just going to hold four aces and make a grand slam); but to-night she had suggested it, since she really wanted to talk to Milly, and it was difficult to see when she would next have an opportunity. So she had, by way of opening the topic she wished to discuss, asked Milly if Mr. Morris had been at the Gunsons', and a few complimentary remarks on her part with regard to that young man had led to Milly's depreciation.

Lady Berringer had occasional fits of what she believed to be Socialism, when she asserted that everyone was as good as everyone else, if not better, and that none of them ought to have less



At the Dressmaker's.

than two hundred a year or more than three. But, as Milly well knew, when her mother had a fit of Socialism, it was not of long duration, because she always contradicted herself, and had to stop. So she never interrupted till some glaring inconsistency appeared; then she pointed it out, and they talked of something different:

"My dear, I don't like to hear you make remarks like that," said Lady Berringer; "you think far too much about little distinctions of class, whereas distinctions of character are the only things that ought to concern us in our judgment of people. Breeding is a mere veneer, not but what Mr. Morris has excellent manners; and a good heart, whether with or without an 'h,' is the only thing that matters. He is extremely pleasant, and his aspirates are as good as yours or mine. He is quite one of the best-looking young men in London, and I'm sure he has an admirable character."

"Yes, dear, I'm sure he has too," said Milly. "And I like him. I didn't mean to run him down."

"It is not generally considered high praise to call a man a 'cad,'" said Lady Berringer, with a certain show of reason, "though I am glad to hear you like him. And really, with Mr. Lloyd-George in this sort of humour, taking everybody's money away and doing the Lord knows what with it, it is seldom you come across a man who is getting richer every day, as I am told old Mr. Morris is, instead of poorer."

It was always a question, when Lady Berringer began to talk about class distinctions and property, whether she was going to be Socialistic or not. On this occasion Milly had thought that she was, but the trend of these late observations looked as if she was going to be Conservative. It seemed, in fact, as if another topic had arisen, like the tares among the wheat, swamping the Socialistic crop.

"Now you have had one season in London, darling,"

continued Lady Berringer, making it clear what the new topic was going to be, "and I hope you will make the most of your second; because they never come again. It is really time, Milly, that you began to think about your future, for what with your father smilingly muddling away the little money he has got

with bridge and cattle-breeding—he really seems to have evolved a new species of cow which is quite milkless, like pipless apples; and as for his hands, they are never anything but spades, and but few of them—"

Milly gave a little gurgle of laughter. Her mother amused her more than anyone she knew.

"I beg your pardon, Mother, you were saying—?"

"I was saying that it was time you began to look seriously about you. What with poor Bill out in Australia, and poor Ben probably tippling away on the high seas, I should like to help in making some sort of future for some Berringer. Lord Wroxham, now: if you don't like cads, there's Lord Wroxham for you. How was he, by the way? Dear Tom! Or is it Henry?"

"He was exactly as usual," said Milly.

She got up from her

seat in the window, and came across to her mother's side, some shadow of seriousness suddenly dimming the radiance of her face and veiling the clear turquoise-blue of her eyes with sapphire, and giving a certain fullness and softness to the drooping curve of her lips.

"I had better tell you, dear," she said, "that Lord Wroxham—Henry, by the way—proposed to me, and I said 'No.' I hope you

Early Morning Correspondence.



aren't disappointed. I was sorry, I was indeed, because I like him, and he likes me. But I am sure it isn't more than that on his side. So, though I am sorry, I wasn't dreadfully sorry. I think he likes me better than his coins, and I like him better than his coins. But it isn't it. I warn you, dear, that I shan't marry anybody until I feel that it is it. I daresay the world in general thinks I only care about dancing and punting on the river, and flying about, and birds and beasts, and—well, perhaps flirting, because you have told me I flirt, though I didn't know it; and that that is all there is of me. Well, that is libellous. There's—there's *Mé* behind it all. And there's a little room right inside me somewhere which I keep empty. Anyone may go into all the other rooms and be welcomed in all, but at present nobody may go into that. But if anybody comes who has a right there, I think the door will fly open of its own accord!"

"My dear, you have been reading Longfellow, and Mrs. Hemans, and—and poetry," said Lady Berringer, not meaning to draw a distinction.

"No, I haven't. I've read nothing except '*Alice in Wonderland*' for weeks. What I say to you isn't in any way what anybody else put into my head. I guessed it all for myself, and having guessed it, I knew it was true. At least perhaps it was the sight of Barbara that made me guess it a little. She was down there with the Gunsons, and it was easy to see that something had happened to her that made all the difference!"

"And had it?" asked Lady Berringer, with a faint touch of frost in her voice.

"Yes, darling mother, of course it had. Didn't you know? She is engaged to Dick Winslow. Oh dear, she was so funny, but so dreadfully happy; not happy outside only, as I am, because it is a nice day, or a nice dance, or a nice dog, or because the birds are building; but happy inside. You know how Barbara likes punting, and how we always quarrel when we go out together, as to who should punt the other. Well, this time she didn't care a bit, and let me punt all the afternoon, while she sat on the cushions."

"Probably sleepy or lazy," said Lady Berringer.

"No, neither the one nor the other, but simply so happy that she didn't want to do anything. I think real happiness is like that: it makes people quiet: it is only pleasure that makes you want to jump about."

"You seem to have guessed a good deal," remarked her mother.

"No, that was all. You see it always used to be a question whether Barbara or I jumped about most, so naturally it struck me when she only wanted to sit still and smile. Oh, and write to him: she did a good deal of that. But she didn't want to talk about it, which was odd, and she told me that I could not possibly understand, until it had happened to me. And she asked me to be a bridesmaid, of course."

Lady Berringer sighed rather loudly and intentionally. Like most practical people (for in spite of her lapses into vague Socialism, and her extreme discussions in conversation, she did belong to that stern class) she was not much of a hand at sentiment, especially when, as now, it seemed to her to be tinged with sentimentality.

"Probably Barbara was not well," she said, "and well or not, she seems to have been in a most undesirable state of smiling idiocy. And if, my dear, the moral of your conversation is that you intend to keep a little empty room, wasn't it, in your inside, till you can find somebody to fill it with the same sickly sort of stuff, I must say that you would do better to wall it up altogether. But that is as you like!"

It is probable that if Lady Berringer had known more of what was in Milly's mind on this occasion, and been better acquainted with the *Mé* who, as the girl said, sat behind all the superficial pleasures of life, she would have sooner bitten her tongue out (whatever that process may actually be) than have been so trenchant on the subject of the empty room.

If she had been slightly less intolerant, too, of what seemed to her sentimental, she might, perhaps, have seen that Milly understood, and was on the way to understand, far more about the secret nature of her friend's smiling content than the mere contemplation of that smiling content could have explained to her. She understood it because, though vaguely and dimly, she was beginning to experience it, and the hand that was on the latch, so to speak, of the secret chamber in her heart, of which she had spoken, was none other than the hand of Jack Morris, which her mother so ardently desired should be there.

Milly herself was just conscious of this, and, as girls will, she did not at once welcome the intrusion, and with a girl's strange and sweet perversity, that at first discourages all that she most longs to feel, she fenced herself off by such criticism of him as "No doubt it was not his fault, but he was a cad," and she found it vaguely shocking that a cad should by any possibility attract and interest her. For, in spite of Lady Berringer's assertion that breeding is a mere veneer, veneer is a very necessary part of human furniture to those who are accustomed to it. In the same way, beauty may be only skin-deep; but that appears, for all practical purposes of desiring it and falling in love with it, to be quite deep enough. For the skin (like veneer) is that part of a person which is most in evidence, and comes most constantly into contact with the world, and it is a very sensitive affair. It would be little consolation for a convict, for instance, to be assured that the cat-o'-nine-tails was only superficially painful and left his lungs and brain quite undamaged. Thus, Milly, in order to fortify her own instinctive and girlish chivalry from admitting Jack Morris to the secret self that lay behind her ordinary manifestation, found herself eager to disagree with her mother's assertions as to the superficial character of difference in breeding, just because she was afraid that at heart she really agreed with them. But she cordially tried to agree with Lady Berringer's estimate of Barbara's smiling content, an opinion which her mother, had she known more of what was in the girl's mind, would have hastily and fervently recanted. Perhaps her mother was right in her low estimate of sentiment: Milly would try to think she was right.

The Berringers lived in a very small house in Curzon Street; and, Easter being late this year, Milly had noticed on her drive home from Paddington that most of the houses had opened their eyes again, and that their blinds were drawn up to signify that their occupants were in readiness to look out of the windows again, and had returned to the city where summer days are long and nights are passed in dancing instead of sleep. That was quite to her mind, for, with the health and exuberance which were natural to her, she found this three-months' pageant of pleasure a delicious method of passing the summer. Her father was poor, and, what was more useful, had the reputation of being poor, so that there was but little entertaining expected of the house in Curzon Street; but, owing to the charm of its inhabitants and the number of their friends, a great deal of entertainment was always ready to them, and for the present Milly was not conscious of any marked access of the mood which her mother had found sentimental. There was shopping to be done without delay at the Stores on behalf of her mother, and an instant visit to be made to the dressmaker on her own behalf.

There were a hundred friends who had to be rapidly communicated with in order to secure frequent meetings, rides to be taken in the Row, conversations to be held on little green chairs in the Park, plays to be seen, and music to be danced to. With all the liberty accorded in this happy age to girls in her position, she could ride before breakfast with Everard Gunson, and allow him to escort her out of the Park and down Piccadilly and to the door of her house; while an hour later she would be on the first tee at Mitcham, playing a single with some other infatuated young gentleman, and return to lunch with a third at the Savoy. Then, perhaps, in the afternoon she would go down with Barbara to Hurlingham, and play gooseberry to her while she talked to Dick Winslow, who was playing polo. And no one but the most sour sort of moralist could have found it in his dyspeptic soul to preach that this endless round of pleasure was hollow and unreal, when the practitioner was so genuinely and sincerely happy as Milly. Many, no doubt, in the great yearly London fair find their pursuit of pleasure fatiguing, and productive of but a second-hand sort of enjoyment: they will go to balls in order to be seen there, feeling afraid of appearing to be "out of it," when they do not really care (except for the fear of seeming "out of it") for being "in it." No such cold and calculating a devotee was Milly: she loved to see her friends, she delighted to dance, she was thrilled with the woven intricacies of the play, and she adored riding; while, as for mere material affairs, she liked lunching at the Savoy because she was hungry and the "things" so delicious. Thus, with the childish faculty of being absorbed in her immediate surroundings, she plunged into the iridescent froth of this bubbling sea of life, and behaved like the charming girl she was, who had the privilege of belonging to that class which knows so excellently well how to amuse itself and to take pleasure in the pleasure of others. Occasionally, but not very often, she had in moments of leisure to divert her thoughts from a channel down which she did not wish them to flow. But that was not difficult: this



A SOCIETY GIRL'S SUMMER: EARLY MORNING IN THE ROW.

FROM THE DRAWING BY J. SIMONT. (ILLUSTRATING "IT," BY E. F. BRENSEN.)

channel was not yet well worn. Also, so far as she knew, Jack Morris had not yet come up to town.

Early May had grown into late May, and on one of those sweet, hot mornings that occasionally visit us, hours that have escaped from the sheaf of Golden Days, she was sitting below the trees by the edge of the Ladies' Mile with Barbara Yeatman, feeling particularly virtuous, since she had given up a whole hour of this delicious morning to answering letters. The planes were in full panoply of angled and varnished leaf, not yet stained by incessant immersion in soot to the dispiriting drab tint that coats them later on; glimpses of sparkling blue sky showed between the leaves, brilliant rhododendron flowers had burst from their swollen glutinous buds, and hardly less brilliant than the flower-beds was the riband of gaily coloured dresses that wove itself in interlacing skeins and threads along the gravelled walk. There was much to talk about concerning what had already happened, there was more to plan as to the diversions of the immediate future, and Milly's rapid monologue may be taken as a fair representation of the general condition of affairs.

"Yes, I looked for you everywhere last night at the Brettons', darling," she was saying, "and asked hundreds of people where you were. They all agreed you were there, but nobody knew any more, and, of course, if you will sit hidden in the conservatory like that, without ever moving, who can be expected to know? I really should teach him to dance—"

Barbara laughed.

"He's about the best dancer in London," she said, "and some day he is going to teach me. But last night we hadn't time, as we had more than usual to say. Isn't it funny, you never get to the end of the things you have got to say to people whom you—like?"

"That's why I am going on," observed Milly, "not that it is funny, considering how many things happen which must be discussed both before and after. Oh! there's mother. She looks as if she was looking for me to tell me what we're going to do to-night. Wasn't it dreadful? Aunt Agatha was giving a party with theatre, but a wheel came off her motor yesterday, and it sat down like a cat in the middle of the road, and they all got jumbled up inside it, and Uncle Christopher kicked Aunt Agatha in the face, so that she's got one black eye and one blue one like a Welsh collie. I went to see her this morning, and she thought she had better not go out to-day, as people would think that she and Uncle Chris had been fighting, and the papers

would say that she looked very quaint and charming with her different-coloured eyes. So that's off, and mother's come out to cadge for another invitation. She cadges too divinely, and always manages to get hold of the nicest thing that is on. Oh, there's Florrie Ormesby. I do think she is silly! She wouldn't go to the Brackenburys' last night because she was asked at the last moment, and she thought it sounded better to say that she was engaged, which wasn't the least true. If I had nothing to do, I would go to dinner even if I was asked when dinner was half-over, wouldn't you? And then on Saturday we both go down to Goring for the week-end, don't we? That will be lovely, so let's get somebody to pray for wet weather, because it always does the opposite. And now for one minute before

I join mother. Who is she talking to? I can only see a rather nice shoulder. You shall tell me about your Dick. Is he just as satisfactory as ever?"

But even that one minute was denied Barbara, for, at the moment, the man talking to Lady Berringer turned round.

"Why, it's Mr. Morris," said Milly, in a detached sort of voice. There had been recognition on the other side also, and Jack Morris advanced towards the two girls. He did not slouch, with bent shoulders and hand in pocket, like most young men who are not cads; he took off his hat and held it in his hand, which again distinguished him from those who were habitually Milly's partners at dances, and he was dressed with immaculate correctness—with cloth-topped boots, top-

hat, and morning tail-coat, instead of flannels and a straw hat. To crown that light, boyish figure, he had a clean-shaven face of extreme pleasantness, and a thick crop of dark curly hair. Any one of her friends who had the good fortune to be so handsome might have looked nearly exactly like him, but none of them would have looked quite like him. There was, both in his face and manner, the consciousness of being correctly clad and politely mannered; the rest, though they might not have been nearly so correct or polite, would not have been conscious of what they were. He did not yet take it for granted that he must be "all right" because he happened to be himself; he was aware that he was all right, and his consciousness of that made him all wrong.

"He looks like a draper's assistant out for a holiday!" thought Milly to herself, consciously steeling herself to mercilessness; and



Luncheon at the Savoy.

there was just enough truth in the verdict to persuade herself that she was not unfair.

Then, in the manner of the world, she greeted him.

"Oh, Mr. Morris," she said, "so you are back at last!"

"Yes, giving London a treat," said he.

Others might have said exactly that, and laughed afterwards almost exactly as he laughed; but they would not have conveyed the same impression. They would have given a different nuance to an identical ineptitude, and the difference was so easy to see.

"And I've got another treat for myself," he said, "to make it all square. Lady Berringer has promised that you and she will dine with me this evening, and come to see the Russian dancers!"

Now Milly had particularly wished to see the Russian dancers, and ordinarily she would have been charmed to know that this had been arranged. But her voice lacked pleasure now.

"That will be delightful," she said, "too delightful!"

"Yes, she's a clipper, is the girl," said this unfortunate young man, "and I'm told she's quite a lady!"

"How nice for her," said Milly icily. "Barbara, dear, have you seen them? I'm told the man is even more wonderful than the girl."

Barbara had not had that pleasure, but at this moment Dick Winslow descended on them, and Milly was left alone with Morris.

"I do hope you will enjoy it," he said rather shyly. "Lady Berringer told me you wanted to go."

Milly waited for a moment. The instant she perceived kindness in front of her, she could not help responding to it. "And so you said you would take us," she replied. "That was nice of you. Mother always asks when she wants something."

"I wish I was always asked to do such pleasant things," said he. "Not that she asked—oh, I see you are joking. She didn't ask, you know. She only told me your aunt had had an accident. So sorry to hear it. You really mustn't think she asked!"

That was dreadful: it was heavy instead of light, serious instead of flippant; and Milly told herself it was as bad to be serious about flippancy as to be flippant about serious matters. He was not at his ease, yet somehow he was not shy in the sort of way that proper shy people are shy. He was grateful... he was just Jack Morris. And iciness again covered her as with a garment.

"Of course I know she didn't ask," she said. "Shall we join her, do you think? It must be close on lunch-time?"

"I'm coming to lunch with you," he said. "There's my motor somewhere. I told my shover to wait. But I don't see it. Idiots, aren't they?"

Milly might have made an icy rejoinder, when he suddenly left her side, vaulted the rails, and ran out into the middle of the Row. A small ragged child had realised it was lost in that immensity, and had sat down to cry, regardless of horses that cantered to right and left of it. One had just spurted a hoof-full of loose earth into its face; that was the immediate cause of tears. Jack ran out into the middle of the Row, picked up the wailing bundle and carried it back into safety. Millie loved seeing that. He had forgotten his immaculate clothes—himself for the moment, and setting it down he gave it some small coin from his pocket.

"Oh, Mr. Morris, that was nice of you—" she began.

And then he spoiled it all.

"Poor little devil," he said. "He's soiled my cuff, though. Have to go and change; a man can't come out to lunch like this."

At that veneer asserted its adamantine hardness to Milly, and she entrenched herself. He had been quick to do a kind thing. To run out, not afterthought, but instinctively, to take a ragged little boy out of harm's way: it was no great matter in itself, three-quarters of the men and women lounging about the rails would have done the same after

a few moments' consideration. But the merit of his performance was that it was

done without any consideration at all. She liked him for that; she warmed to him; and yet the moment afterwards he had found it just as natural

to say those dreadful things about the "soiled cuff." Soiled, too! Who said "soiled" except the people who said "carriage-sweep" and "genteel"? Perhaps he would say "genteel" next: Milly felt herself almost wishing that he would. It would strengthen her sense of his impossibility.

They dined that night at Bertram's, and it did not require any experienced housekeeper to see that the dinner was clearly ordered to be as expensive as a dinner could be. Everything that was not in season loaded the groaning board, bouquets of fabulous orchids lay by the plates of both his guests. Milly was not hungry, nor, it appeared, was Lady Berringer, and course after course was sent away untouched by them. A grove of wine-glasses stood at the right hand of each place, and a bewildering variety of vintages went on their rejected rounds. The Berringers had been rather late to begin



Shopping at a great Stores.



A SOCIETY GIRL'S SUMMER: A WEEK-END ON THE THAMES.

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. SIMONT.



A SOCIETY GIRL'S SUMMER: A WEEK-END AT A COUNTRY HOUSE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. SIMONT.

with, and, judging by the stately and interminable procession of dishes and bottles, it seemed likely that there would be little dancing left to be done by the Russians when dinner was over. All this, the useless, undesired expense, the ridiculous parade, but strengthened Millie's position in her entrenchments of veneer, and what rendered them even more secure was the slightly pompous pleasure of her host in his display. She had been gay enough and natural enough at the beginning of the feast, but from gaiety she lapsed into mere silence and endurance. It was just as she had thought; and worse than she had thought: he was "showing off," giving them a dinner that was as unsuitable as it was tedious. And it appeared he had ordered the double box at the Galaxy—a double box for three people!

Lady Berringer had allowed herself to form hopes in connection with the evening she had so cleverly hinted at. She knew Millie would like to dine at Bertram's; she knew also that she would like to see the Russian dancers, and though a girl does not fall in love with a man because he gives her a dinner and an entertainment, she had thought that a kindlier scrutiny on the part of the girl might result from it. But since she saw only as much as was visible in Millie's increasing aloofness, she augured ill of the evening before dinner was half over. What she did not see was that Millie, so to speak, was eagerly piling veneer around her, entrenching herself against him whom she feared and longed to welcome. And that which happened when "Punch à la Romaine" was going on its unappreciated round puzzled her still more.

you're eating nothing, Miss Berringer. Shall we miss the rest, and go on to the theatre?"

"Well, it is getting rather late," said Milly.

"So it is. Well, have just a slice of pineapple, shall we? They do it rather well with ice, and something comforting poured over it. Here, waiter!" Then came the crisis.

"Oh, for heaven's sake, let's—" began Milly, and then



On the Lawn.



On the Links: A Round of Golf.

Poor Jack suddenly saw that no one but himself was taking this excellent dish. Hitherto he had been hungry, and since he was giving his guests a most eatable dinner, he had not really noticed that Millie was eating nothing. But at this moment it struck him, and, laying down his spoon, he beckoned to the waiter. "Take it away," he said. "Why,

stopped suddenly, and, without warning, she saw everything that she had been blind to all the evening—his pleasure in giving her the best dinner that could be cooked, his pleasure in taking her to a double box. In a flash she read the mood she had so misconstrued, and saw him kindly, eager to please, full of hospitality, full of the desire to give all that could be given in these material ways. The hospitality which she had labelled as boring, so long, so unnecessary, suddenly took the hue of the motive that dictated it—namely, the ancient and admirable instinct to give your guests the best in your power. The absurd, undesired dishes were glorified, the bouquet of orchids became radiant—she became radiant herself, with the radiance of contrition.

"Oh, but I must have pineapple with the comforting something," she said cordially, "and then do you think we had better get on to see the dancing? I have been looking forward to it so, and it was so nice of you to ask us, Mr. Morris, and it would be such a pity to miss a minute of it. But pineapple sounds too lovely. And what a lovely dinner you have given us! And may I have just one glass of champagne? It looks so kind and bubbly, standing in its ice all ready to be drunk. No, not a full glass, please, Mr. Morris, because I don't usually drink anything at all, and it might go to my head, which, as usual, is quite empty!"

Milly had suddenly become quite a different person, and, indeed, it was time she did. She told herself, with sober truth, that she had accepted, or her mother had accepted, certain hospitality, and for nearly an hour by now she had



A SOCIETY GIRL'S SUMMER: A SATURDAY AFTERNOON AT HURLINGHAM.

FROM THE DRAWING BY J. SIMONT. (ILLUSTRATING "IT," BY E. F. BENSON.)

been laying it up against her host that he had been so hospitable, taunting him in her own mind with stupid ostentation. But the reason for that which she had labelled ostentation was clear now: he had wanted to give them the best he could, while she, sulky goose as she was, had been despising him for his admirable impulse.

She had been unappreciative, she had been sombre, she had been on the point of downright rudeness. What her private reasons had been for this fortification of herself should not have concerned her behaviour. And all the time she had been telling herself that it was he who was the cad!

Undoubtedly there was a cad present, but as undoubtedly it was not he.

Effusively she tried to make good her mean error. She would even have smoked a cigarette after her slice of pineapple if she had not been afraid of her mother falling in a fit. Twice he had urged her to it (which was once too many), and she found herself wishing to do it to please him, yet furious with him for suggesting it again after she had said she did not smoke, which was sufficient to make Sapphira turn in her grave. Once again she tried to entrench herself behind veneer, not openly any longer, but only in the privacy of her mind.

The ordinary, that is to say the well-bred, young man might, and did often, open his cigarette-case, and say, "Smoke, Miss Milly?" Then she would say "No, thanks," if circumstances rendered it undesirable; and he put it in his pocket. But Mr. Morris handed her the cigarette-case before he took one himself, and when she refused, urged her to reconsider. . . . It was so different, and yet she herself had been behaving far more atrociously.

She would have liked a quail too, a little while before, but that he had said, as they were handed to her, that Bertram's alone knew how to "do" quails. Other young men would have said, "Right oh, I'll have yours as well. I say, waiter, bring back those quails." That would have been far less mannerly, but somehow it would have been "all right." But when Jack Morris said that Bertram's alone knew how to "do" quails, she felt she would rather have starved than taken one of those plump and pathetic little fowls.

Yet already she minded that he was not like the rest, and she wondered why she should mind. . . . And she strove to rectify her minding by drinking champagne, which she detested. . . . And she detested him for having been the cause of her making this amende for her own rudeness. . . . And then she forgave him because he was so kind, and her own youthful soul went out to him because he was so kind and had taken such trouble for her. . . . And she did not want to miss one moment of the Russian dancing, and yet would have sat in the restaurant for hours if it pleased him. Yet if they went there at once, they would be pompously escorted to the great double box! How silly it was, when three stalls would have done quite as well! But how kind!

They arrived in time for the dancing, and as they passed rather conspicuously by the side of the crowded stalls to get to their box, Milly recognised a dozen friends, and was aware that she and Jack Morris were being made a target for conversation. They had got somehow parted from her mother in the crush at the doors, which made their appearance more conspicuous, but she gave but little thought to that, for as they sat in the large box and watched the incomparable dancing, it seemed to her that she was in a very queer and self-contradictory frame of mind.

She found herself vexed and annoyed with her host, and impatient with herself for being either, and contrite for her own misbehaviour, not only because it was always a pity from reasons of self-respect to be so peevish, but because she had, up to a certain point, disappointed him at the ill-success of what he had so delightedly planned. Then, it is true, she had hastened to repair her unmannerly error, but she had repaired it with a sense of grudge against him for having betrayed her into her impropriety. All the time, too, the beautiful dancing was going on, and she, usually so absorbed in such spectacles, was giving it but the scantiest attention, owing to these other preoccupations.

But, had she known it, the state of mind which she thought so complicated was really capable of being summed up in a couple of words. Barbara would have told her the true nature of what she was beginning to feel, without the smallest difficulty, and Milly would certainly have denied it.

She rigorously directed her attention to the stage, where a bacchanal dance, wild, joyous, and Pagan, was going on, and it was a moment from the dead days of Greece made to live again, a revivification from the dells of Parnassus. The maiden, wild as a faun of the woods, half shunned, half abandoned herself to the godlike youth; she ran from him, only to return the more swiftly to his encircling arms; she was troubled at his eager gestures, only to lose herself again in the intoxication of the dance. How was it that she both shunned and yearned for him? What cord pulled her? He was rough, perhaps—not of the same daintiness and delicacy as herself, and yet she could not choose but dance.

He, brown, beautiful, and vigorous, with burning eye and curly, low-growing hair, was utterly absorbed in her, in the grace and beauty of her; his movements, his gestures, were but the plastic image of his young heart's eagerness. He was like somebody she knew, with his strong brown face. . . . And even as she thought that, she saw Jack's profile close to her, outlined against the light of the stage. And with a nervous involuntary movement she closed her hand on one of the strange and exotic flowers of her bouquet, crushing it.

But not even yet, though her heart knew the path that lay before her, which she must inevitably tread, did she yield herself to the summons, or betray that it had come; and if her state of mind was bewildering to herself, it was no less bewildering to him. She had the moods of an April day, and, except to the curiously inaccurate observation of poets, these moods are not always tender and charming. Gleams of delicious sun, no doubt, were there, and the sense of spring, and buds; but there was no doubt about the occasional presence also of east wind and cold plumping showers. In the ever-quickenings whirl of London life they had often come together, now perhaps for a moment only, to touch hands and be carried away in divergent streams; while on other days they would be meeting from morning till morning again.

A typical example of this April weather occurred some weeks after the evening at the Russian dances. The less vernal aspect of it had been in evidence all day, and Jack, when he went rather gloomy and Byronic, from dinner to the dance, where he knew he would meet her, was not very sanguine as to the probability of pleasant weather ahead. More than once during dinner he had seriously considered whether he should go to the dance or not, and thought, poor fellow, that it was in his power to stop away if he chose, whereas in reality he was utterly incapable of doing so. She had made him miserable all day, and yet there was nothing in the world so desirable as being made miserable by her, except being made happy by her.

But the worst of all was when she treated him kindly in the wrong way, with even politeness and apparent interest in his conversation, as if he had been some sort of mildly distinguished stranger. He had suffered much in the rôle of distinguished stranger all day, and, as has been said, had thought of absenting himself this evening. But his absence took the form of arriving at the dance the first of all the guests.

There had been a dinner-party there, and Milly, as he knew, had been of it. As he entered the room, sonorously announced, she was talking to some man, but got up in the middle of a sentence, it seemed, leaving an astonished auditor, as if to show that she was quite at leisure. He shook hands with his hostess, and came over to her.

"Ah, that's what I like," she said. "Most people come so dreadfully late, and one only dances for an hour or two. Oh, it has been such a dull dinner!"

"And may I have the first?" asked he.

"Why, of course. You asked me yesterday. Did you think I had forgotten?"

Milly, the wretch, knew she had behaved atrociously to him all day, making him suffer for the strange perplexity and bewilderment that was seething within her. She knew, too, that with a word or two, with just a little natural friendliness, she could make him forget her tiresomeness, and in addition could make herself forget it. But on this occasion she had to chant down a little first.

"I thought you might have forgotten," he said. "I didn't know what to think."

She flushed.

"Oh, it's so often best not to think at all," she said.

"One can't always completely empty one's head," said he. "I thought perhaps I had displeased you in some way."

She looked at him with a shade of deprecation.

"Will it be sufficient if I tell you that you haven't?" she asked, "or do you want me to apologise?"

He laughed; the cause of his having thought he might have displeased her need not be gone into. She evidently knew as well as he.

"I only want you to come and dance," he said. "The band has begun."

Milly drew on her gloves very hurriedly.

"We mustn't waste a minute," she said.

Though Jack had been the actual first to arrive, other guests had followed thick and fast, and the ball-room was just full enough when they got there. There were enough couples to people it, but not enough to crowd it, and they slid off on to a roomy and perfect floor.

Whatever discord or misunderstandings might have been between them all day, born of the mysterious web which was weaving itself ever closer round them, there was no discord or diversity of purpose in their dancing, and the impulse that dictated their movements was one and indivisible. You could scarcely say that he steered and guided, and that she, like some light ship that is borne on favourable winds, answered his helm.

Helm and ship were one, a beautiful sensitive whirl of movement, and backwards and forwards through arm and body and leg there flowed the strange sweet spirit of dancing, immersing them in the joy

of combined rhythmical motion which possessed them. The great gay tune was possessed by it, too; music and movement were welded and mingled together; there was nothing else in the world but melodious motion. . . . Then all the harmonious threads gathered themselves up into a swift coda, and the dancers were face to face again, standing on the dark, shining floor.

"I enjoyed that," said Milly, quite gravely.

"May we do it again at once?" asked he.

The light-footed hours whirled by, and as they passed, they noiselessly and unceasingly beat down the barrier that lay between the two. Sometimes the ordinary exigencies of polite society separated them, and, strangely absent-minded, they danced with other partners, but again and again they came together. Once or twice the ball-room was too full to suit the fastidiousness of their

swiftness, and they sat together on the stairs, talking in nowise differently from the babble of tongues that went on round them, but feeling, each of them, that the little common topics of every day were luminous, lit from within. And dawn was bright in the sky overhead and the sparrows were chirruping when Lady Berringer made her ultimatum, and they waited all three of them in the porch for her carriage to detach itself from the string and come up to the door.

"And you are leaving London to-morrow—to-day, rather," he said, "for the Sunday?"

"Yes; I wish I wasn't!"

"So do I."

"I shall be back by lunch-time on Monday," said she. "If you've nothing to do—"

And her smile quivered as she gave him her hand.

Milly was spending her week-end at the home of her friend Barbara, and after dinner that night the two girls detached themselves from the rest of the party, who were settling down to post-prandial pursuits, for a twilight ramble in the garden.

The sun had set, but reflection of the long day of midsummer still lingered in dusky crimson in the west, while overhead the stars were just beginning to burn dimly in the vault of violet blue.

Below the house stretched a long terrace with stone balustrade and paved walk, looking on to an oblong formal lake, and across that more steps and statues glimmered below the shade of forest-trees, and in the thicket round them birds chirped their flute-like notes, and bats were beginning to wheel and flutter in the thickening dusk.

As yet, Milly had neither had opportunity—nor, indeed, felt inclination—to confide in her

friend about that which had come to birth in her heart, for as yet it had been but a shy, wild inmate there; but this evening she felt, as the spell of the serene quiet grew upon her, that it might easily be that she would find herself telling Barbara about it. Yet it was hard to begin. Hitherto, the only opinions they had exchanged about Jack were concurrent as to his handsome face, and the fact of his being not quite—quite. . . . All that seemed now too absolutely shallow to Milly. The two had wandered some way from the house, and at length sat down at the end of the terrace above the formal lake.

Usually it was Milly who did most of the conversation; to-night she was the more silent. Barbara, moreover, had a good deal to

*A Visit to
the Academy.*



say, and as that was tending in the direction that Milly wished, she refrained from interruption.

"It's so funny to think that I used to consider myself happy," she said, "before Dick and I began to know each other. I really did consider myself happy, just as you do, Milly. But it wasn't happiness at all, comparatively. It's so odd, having gone on twenty years without him, suddenly to find that I can't get on without him at all. He has got on longer than that, because he's twenty-five. Isn't it convenient, too, that he wants to live to eighty, while I think seventy-five will be enough. We've arranged to live till then, and die together! Yes... Oh, I do so pity every one who is not in love with somebody else! Everything else is such a dreadful waste of time. But when you are in love nothing you do together is a waste of time, and everything is equally nice. At least, doing nothing at

"Oh, is that all?" she said. "I thought for the moment that you were going to say that something dreadful had happened to him. But I am sorry."

Barbara put her head a little on one side, like a bird listening, which was a habit of hers when she considered a new idea. There had been unfeigned sincerity in Milly's anxiety and in her relief.

"And if something dreadful had happened to him?" she asked. Milly was silent a moment.

"You've guessed!" she said.

Barbara for the moment forgot all about the financial ruin and trouble ahead. True to her own dictum, she felt nothing mattered but one thing.

"Oh, but how exciting!" she said. "And is that why you were so patient with all my talk? Oh, Milly! Are you



At Home for Tea.

all is the nicest, just being. Is it a bore, darling, my talking like this?"

"Not the least," said Milly. "Go on!"

"Well, do get somebody to fall in love with, and then you can talk too. Probably we shall both talk together and neither listen, which is so pleasant. There are lots of men you know who are fond of you. There's Lord Wroxham, for instance, though, of course, he's rather old, and there's Jack Morris, though, of course, he's not quite—Oh, isn't it dreadful about him? Somebody told me at dinner."

Milly felt her breath catch in her throat.

"What about him?" she asked quickly. "What is it?"

"His father. Hadn't you heard? There has been a smash in the City, and Mr. Morris is ruined. They say it is one of the most frightful collapses there has ever been!"

Milly gave a great sigh of relief.

really fond of him? And does he know? He's good-looking, too, and his tone is nice. At least you think so now, don't you?"

Milly gave a long sigh.

"Nice!" she said. "What absurd words you use! As if you could think of the person as nice. Why, it's He, and there is no more to be said."

"Darling, that's just it," said Barbara appreciatively. "I should have thought just the same if you had asked me if Dick was nice. But about this smash. What will you do?"

"Oh, that!" said Milly. "I don't know at all. About him, now. Barbara, just think that only a little while ago I thought he wasn't... quite! Just fancy! Shall I tell you all about it?"

Before Milly went back to town on Monday she had learned that the financial ruin of Jack's father was believed to be complete. He had been speculating wildly for months



A SOCIETY GIRL'S SUMMER: AN ENTR'ACTE AT THE OPERA.

FROM THE DRAWING BY T. SIMONT. (ILLUSTRATING "IT," BY E. F. BENSON.)

past; had lost heavily at first, and, in hopes of retrieving his losses, had made further inroads on his fortune. Then apparently he had changed his tactics, and had turned bear, believing that worse times were yet to come. Simultaneously, a rise in his shares began, good times came for others, and the worse for him.

It was probable that he was absolutely ruined.

Lady Berringer, as she read what the papers had to say about it all on her way up to town on Monday, felt vaguely grateful to Providence, much as she might have felt grateful if she or Milly had been likely to travel by some train which had had a dreadful accident, but had not done so. She was quite sorry for those who had been hurt (killed, socially speaking), but felt that it was indeed fortunate that Milly had not paid more attention to her advice, for she was in the position, so to speak, of having urged her to travel by that particular train, as being a very comfortable and pleasant mode of travelling.

"Quite terrible," she said to Milly, as they drove back to Curzon Street, "and this time it ought to be a lesson to us all."

"What about?" asked Milly.

"A lesson," repeated Lady Berringer, finding she really did not know what about. "I am quite sorry for young Mr. Morris, in whom, I am sure, there is no harm, though you always felt, dear, that he was not quite like your other friends. How strange that he should have given us dinner and taken us to the Galaxy such a short while ago! By the way, did you not ask him to lunch to-day? Of course, he will not come after this."

"Why not?" asked Milly. "You must have food whatever happens."

"Well, we shall see. Personally, I should think the loss of so large a fortune a much more serious bereavement than that of most of one's relatives, and so I do not expect him, though I shall be delighted to give him a good meal, poor fellow!"

Milly laughed: her sense of internal happiness dominated the situation.

"Darling mother," she said, "you speak as if he was actually starving—Barbara is coming too."

In spite of Lady Berringer's forecast, Jack came to lunch, and in the most natural manner, quietly and simply, he referred to his father's ruin.

"It's impossible to say yet exactly what the final result will be," he said. "He expects to have, perhaps, a couple of hundred a year left."

"Dear me, dear me," said Lady Berringer. "A parlour-maid, I suppose, and semi-detached in some county town. Very distressing, Mr. Morris. I was so sorry when I heard. Shall we go in to lunch? Milly, darling, you don't expect anybody else except Barbara, do you? I shall have to run away immediately after!"

Lady Berringer, when she went out half-an-hour later to fulfil a plethora of engagements, was quite satisfied that Jack should linger and talk to the two girls in her absence. Barbara was so nearly married that she would do quite well as a chaperon, especially since there was nothing in the situation which called for chaperonage. Jack Morris, also, had behaved with such unaffected simplicity that it was impossible not to wonder whether Milly's estimate of him as a cad had been quite correct, since it was hard to imagine anyone but a thorough (not perfect) gentleman possessing such well-bred tranquillity. Perhaps, so she thought, he was one of those people who always show the best of themselves in trying circumstances, and she did him the justice to allow that these circumstances were very trying indeed, for there was no doubt that he was very fond of Milly, who, of course, now was more than ever out of his reach. But had she

known that, a very few minutes after her own departure, Barbara had followed her out of the house, her satisfaction might have been ever so slightly tinged with anxiety.

"I suppose I ought to go too," said he, as the door closed behind Barbara.

"No; why should you?" said Milly, still standing, however, as if to make it easy for him to go.

"Then I will wait a minute," he said. "And will you tell me you are sorry for me, Miss Berringer?"

"Ah, there is no need for me to tell you that," said she.

He came a step closer to her.

"There is more reason to be sorry for me than you know," he said.

His glance and hers met for a moment, and it was as if an electric shock had passed through Milly, leaving her alert and tingling.

"Why so?" she asked.

"Because I am robbed of the chance of the only real wish of my life coming true," he said.

Again their eyes met; again her look fluttered and fell before his.

"Tell me, then," she said.

"Only that I hoped that some time—some time, perhaps—you might get to care for me. I—I don't mean that wealth would make any difference—oh, I say it so badly—but—but a man can't offer a girl nothing but himself. He must offer her a home, all that she has been accustomed to. I am going to work, of course, but I shall be poor, perhaps, for a long while. I have nothing to offer. So won't you tell me you are sorry? Just that?"

This time Milly's eyes were steady on his.

"No, I am not sorry," she said.

There was one moment's pause.

"Oh, don't you see?" she asked.

But it took Lady Berringer a long time to see.



"Oh, don't you see?" she asked.



The Beauty of Other Years: 2.—The Eighteenth Century.

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANK HAVILAND.

One of the Most Solemn Sights in Fair France.



THE TAKING OF THE VEIL.—FROM THE PAINTING BY EMILE RENARD.

When she first enters a nunnery in a desire to become a nun, the applicant takes the white veil. After her novitiate, if she still has a wish to follow the religious life, in certain convents she takes the black veil when she speaks the irrevocable vows.

The Floating Parlour and the Floating Palace: Travel by Sea

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



CRIBBED, CABINED, AND CONFINED: AT SEA IN 1847.

Nothing could afford a greater contrast than the limited comfort provided for the traveller by sea of sixty years ago and that provided for those who journey across their predecessors. Every year sees improvement—almost, one might say, every week. The modern steamer is a floating palace. It has all the comforts both of the worst of sailors' quails. We cannot better emphasise our point, perhaps, than by remarking that when that famous line, the Hamburg-Amerika, to whom we are and one, the "Deutschland," in England. Each vessel cost about £4000, and the largest, the "Deutschland,"

as It was Three-and-Sixty Years Ago and as it is To-day.

ARTIST, G. C. WILMSHURST.



COSY, CONTENT, AND IN COMFORT: AT SEA IN 1910.

the waters in the present year of grace. The palatial vessel of to-day is as far ahead of the passenger craft of the middle 19th century as were those ships ahead the luxurious home and the fashionable hotel; and its greater size, moreover, makes for increased stability. Indeed, it requires an exceptionally heavy sea to give even indebted for much assistance in the preparation of these drawings, was inaugurated in 1847; it had but four small sailing-ships. Three of these were built in Germany, had accommodation for 200 emigrants and about twenty cabin passengers. Her cargo capacity was 717 tons.

As the Fruit and the Water that Retreated before Tantalus.



"THE CUP OF TANTALUS."—FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR EDWARD J. POYNTER, P.R.A.

It will be remembered that Tantalus, son of Zeus and the nymph Plouta, father of Pelops and Niobe, King of Mount Sipylus in Lydia, accused of revealing the secrets of the gods, was condemned to stand in Tartarus up to his chin in water under a loaded fruit-tree, the fruit and the water retreating before him whenever he desired to satisfy his hunger and thirst.

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LADIES' PAGE.

TO-DAY the half-mourning for the late King is to be started by the general public, but it is only to last for two weeks, and so many tints are included in the range considered to fill the description that few ladies will find it necessary to obtain fresh dresses for the intermediate period. The members of the Royal Family have received the King's orders to take no part in any public events for six months from the demise of the late King, and so all their engagements are cancelled until November. The ladies about the Court will wear gradations of mourning for several months more; but for the community at large, the tribute of regret and respect as symbolised by black attire is considerably shortened. At the smart weddings that have recently taken place, it was the King's desire that deep mourning should not be worn, and white, grey, heliotrope, and black-and-white were adopted sufficiently to prevent the gloom of unrelieved blacks making the brides feel depressed.

Lady Maidstone is extremely pretty, and her white wedding suited most of her bridesmaids too. The wedding-gown was a Princess of white satin, draped over with white Ninon-de-soie; it was cut in front as a long tunic, going off to a sharp point at the feet so as to show the underskirt covered with a deep flounce of lovely old point d'Angleterre; the same fine lace was used as a yoke, and as folds over the top of the arm by way of sleeve draperies; then there was a long, square-cut train of gold-brocaded white satin. The lace veil fell far down the back only, clear tulle being over the face; and the bridal wreath, a flat garland laid right across the middle of the head, concealed the junction of the lace and the tulle. It was all very elegant and uncommon, and the same description may be applied to the bridesmaids' costumes. These were of mediæval plainness and tightness; the material was white chiffon over satin, with square cape-backs, fixed by Marguerite daisies, the bride's name-flower, on the shoulders and at the ends of the tunics on the underskirts. The bridesmaids' heads were covered by Juliet caps composed only of the interwoven stalks of the daisies, laid over and fixing on the tulle veils that fell down their backs, with a cluster of the flowers over each ear and a line of the blossoms continued round the back of the coiffures.

The latest, and it is fondly expected the greatest, procession of women to ask for votes is to gather on the Embankment at five o'clock to-day (June 18), and make its way to the Albert Hall and Kensington Town Hall for speeches at 8.30; so it is expected of the processionists to be on foot for over three hours. The procession will be two miles long, and will take over an hour in passing any given point. In this effort the "old" Woman's Suffrage Society takes no part; for it has adopted a membership "test" requiring all who belong to the Society to pledge themselves not to



A CHARMING HALF-MOURNING WALKING-DRESS.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

"THE NIGHT BRINGS COUNSEL"—nothing is truer, and if the counsel be wise, the morning will bring with it ease and calm, and a better frame of mind altogether. It is, however, only indirectly of the mind that it is desired to speak now; the counsel offered primarily concerns the body which enshrines it, and whose joys and sorrows it shares to the full. But what affects one is inevitably reflected upon the other. Sleep, for instance, is indispensable to both, and who, having experience of insomnia, would ignore a valuable auxiliary in the wooing of sweet and natural slumber? It is just during the night that the mouth becomes a cavity ventilated only through the nose—not taking into account those who sleep with open mouths—and it is not washed by the recurring saliva bath as in the day-time. These conditions are most favourable to decomposition, and after a night's rest it is not surprising that the mouth should feel unpleasantly "stale."

But, unfortunately, very few people fully realise how serious this mouth stagnation is. We ought specially to guard against septic deterioration, and to begin early in life to guard against it, and the selection of the right preparation with which to effect the necessary purification is, of

course, a very important matter. Tooth powders or pastes are inadequate for the purpose, because the parts most liable to attack, the backs of the molars and the fissures and interstices in and between the teeth—the very parts where the harmful microbes live and thrive—are not purified, for the simple reason that they cannot be reached by such things as powders or pastes. Only a liquid dentifrice can penetrate these minute crevices, and to do its work effectively it must be an antiseptic preparation whose action is gentle and continuous.

Odol, the well-known dentifrice and mouth-wash, is such a preparation, for during the process of rinsing it penetrates everywhere, reaching the cavities of the teeth, the interstices between them, and the backs of the molars, destroying bacteria wherever generated. Odol alone can produce this effect, which is principally due to a peculiar property which causes it to be absorbed by the mucous membrane of the gums, so that they become impregnated with it.

The immense importance of this altogether unique property should be fully appreciated, for while all other preparations for

the cleansing and the protection of the teeth act only during the few moments of their application, Odol leaves a microscopically thin, but thoroughly effective antiseptic coating on the surface of the mucous membrane and in the interstices of the

co-operate either by money or personal support with any other group of workers for the same end. This has excluded from its membership some of the oldest workers for the vote; but perhaps it is as well to have one organisation to which those can adhere who fix their hopes entirely upon continued quiet agitation, such as has gone on for the last forty-two years without success. However, the "old" society, under Mrs. Fawcett, has now given its adhesion to a new proposal to abandon the claim which has always been made during those past years—namely, "the vote for women on the same conditions as it is, or may be, given to men"—and has decided to support a Bill that would exclude from the vote women qualified as owners of property (surely the very ones whose claim is the most irrefragable), as well as University graduates, lodgers, and several other classes of women holding the qualifications that would entitle them to vote if they were men. To leave without a vote the lady who owns property and perhaps administers a vast estate, and give it to every labourer and servant man in her employ, is surely the most glaring and unjustifiable sex-disability—except, perhaps, that of the University degree qualification.

Lucky are the people who are now planning a Swiss tour! The glorious snow-clad mountains, the lovely lakes, the Alpine meadows starred with flowers, the splendid freshness of the air, make Switzerland a quite ideal place for a holiday, and the best starting-point and centre is undoubtedly Lucerne. Here some weeks may be happily spent, in ascending the neighbouring great mountains and visiting glaciers and enjoying the restful beauty of the green Lake; while the charm of the visit is greatly enhanced by the existence at Lucerne of the world-famous Schweizerhof Hotel. It is a model in its good management and perfect appointments; the table is generously catered for, the cooking first-rate, and the personal management of the proprietors ensures the comfort of every visitor. The situation of the Schweizerhof Hotel at Lucerne, too, is ideal; it faces the lake, from which it is separated only by the fashionable promenade.

Heat and bright sunshine are trying to the complexion, and so the offer is very seasonable that is made by Messrs. M. Beetham and Son, Cheltenham, to send any of my readers who may apply (enclosing threepence for packing and postage) a free sample of that excellent skin tonic, the well-known "Lait Larola," and also of the firm's soap and toilet powder. "Lait Larola" contains all the ingredients calculated to refresh the face and to keep the delicate skin of the complexion bright, clear, and healthy.

Ladies and children require delicate medicaments, and nothing suits them better as a domestic remedy for occasional use than the old-established "Dinneford's Fluid Magnesia." It is no secret drug, but the most convenient and elegant preparation to be obtained of a drug prescribed by all physicians for indigestion, acidity, sickness, etc., while, added to lemon-juice, it makes a delicious cooling summer drink. FILOMENA.

teeth, which maintains its protective influence for hours after the mouth has been rinsed with it.

It is this lasting effect that gives to daily users of Odol the absolute assurance that their mouths are permanently protected against the process of decomposition, which, if not arrested, inevitably destroys the teeth.



Last thing at night, and—



—first thing in the morning.

It is well to remember that it is as necessary to protect and cleanse artificial teeth as it is to safeguard those provided by Nature, and that Odol is just as effective in one case as in the other. The artificial teeth should be dipped and rinsed every night in a tumbler of water, in which a few drops of Odol have been shaken, and by rinsing the mouth also with the Odol before replacing them not only is complete purification assured, but the gums are also rendered firm, hard, and healthy. Smokers, too, find nothing so pleasant and effectual as Odol for removing the odour of tobacco from the breath and cleansing the palate.

**Lady Firbank**

Newlands, Petworth, writes:

"Lady Firbank wishes to state that the Wulffing's Formamint tablets have completely cured her throat, which owing to Influenza, had been left weak and often most painful. She consulted some of the first specialists in London, one of whom recommended Wulffing's Formamint and with the most undeniable benefit. This was early in 1908, since when, by taking three or four tablets daily, she has experienced no further throat trouble, and she also considers the tablets a great and almost certain preventive of ordinary infectious colds."

The Chief Medical Officer

of one of the largest Infectious Diseases Hospitals in England writes:

"I have never had a sore throat myself since I began to use Wulffing's Formamint, although I suffered periodically before."

A Free Sample

will be sent to you if you will send a postcard, mentioning this paper, to Messrs. A. Wulffing & Co., 12 Chenies Street, London, W.C.

THE CURE FOR SORE THROAT

"Wulffing's Formamint.

"That's what I use whenever I get Sore Throat or loss of voice.

"Why? Because my doctor prescribed it for me as the best and quickest cure for these complaints and my experience has proved the accuracy of his views."

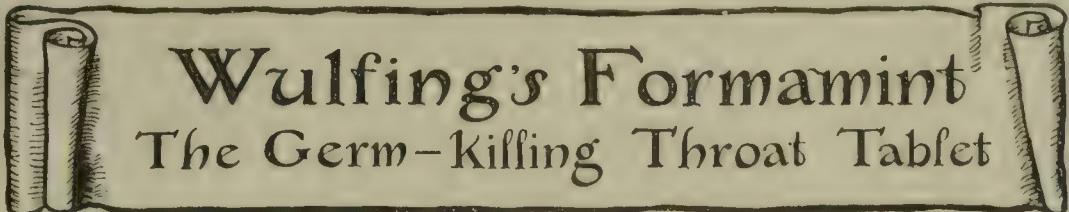
Sore Throat and Tonsillitis, as everyone knows, are caused by germs which float constantly in the air and are thus inhaled. You are therefore as liable to get these diseases in warm weather as in cold; more so, because of your greater liability to get chilled when overheated or sitting in draughts, and chills render the body susceptible to the attacks of germs.

Wulffing's Formamint contains the greatest destroyer of germs known to Science. Dissolved in the saliva, it reaches the remotest parts of the throat and kills all the germs it meets. That is why it is so perfect a cure for these complaints.

PREVENTS INFECTIOUS DISEASES

Other diseases—like Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Measles, Mumps, and Whooping Cough—resemble Sore Throat in being due to germs which multiply in the mouth and throat and produce their specific complaint, unless destroyed before they do so.

Wulffing's Formamint destroys such germs rapidly and completely, thus preventing these diseases. Beware, however, of useless substitutes, many of which are now on the market. Wulffing's Formamint alone insures protection. Price 1s. 11d. per bottle of all chemists.



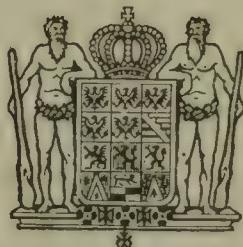
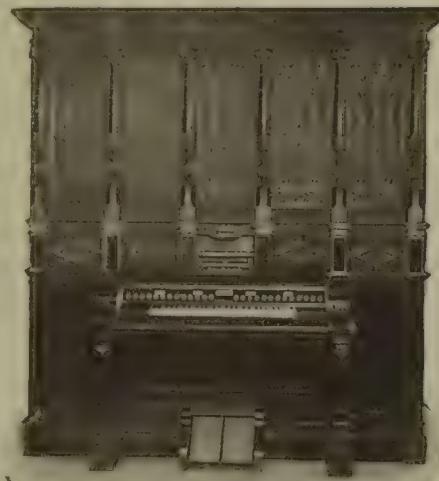
A Home Orchestra



has hitherto probably been beyond the fondest dreams of the lover of music. It need no longer be so. The Aeolian Orchestrelle is a complete orchestra embodied in one instrument which all can play in their own homes. It is an instrument which is an unique privilege to all those who take delight in good music. It is an instrument which earlier followers of music would have given almost anything to possess. The immense tone power and the marvellously faithful representations of the tonal qualities of all the instruments comprising a full orchestra are a revelation to all those who hear the Aeolian Orchestrelle for the first time. The immortal works of the great orchestral composers can be played by anyone just as an orchestra would play them. And no technical musical knowledge is required. Just musical taste and insight alone are all that is necessary to render the grandest of all music in a way that is a delight to the most cultured ear.

You can call at Aeolian Hall whenever you care to and yourself play some of your favourite music on the Aeolian Orchestrelle. Catalogue No. 5, which gives a fuller description, will be sent on application, but a visit sooner or later is indispensable for no written description can possibly do justice to the Aeolian Orchestrelle.

The
Orchestrelle Company
AEOLIAN HALL
135-6-7 New Bond St., London, W



a something which makes for victory in the character of the man who fights and overcomes obstacles such as met Koch at the beginning of his career? And may not the hard, practical training of the German medical schools also be credited with providing the ways and means and fostering the interests such as lead a man to set his face steadily towards discovering the great truths presented by his work?

Be these things as they may, it is well even pour encourager les autres to dwell on what Koch did and on what he accomplished for humanity's well-being. We see the country doctor busy with his microscope, and I doubt not many of his patients and acquaintances may have thought he was the less satisfactory a physician because he was primarily a scientific man. The like opinion is often expressed at home. He was intent from the first on bacteriological work. The "germ theory" had obsessed him in the sense that he regarded the knowledge of the causes of disease, such as that theory postulated, as the head and front of medical research. Means and modes of microbe-culture were practised by him till his technical skill was of adequate kind. All this was preparatory work, and led with greater ease to the detection of the real agents whose nefarious action on the living body resulted in disease and



Photo. General Press.
AN OLD RAIN-GAUGE WITH A DIAL, WHICH HAS BEEN IN USE FOR FIFTY YEARS, AND A MODERN RAIN-GAUGE.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE LATE DR. KOCH.

THE recent demise of Dr. Robert Koch offers a fitting opportunity of bearing testimony to the great work which science is able now and then to accomplish in the sphere devoted to the repression of disease and to the improvement of the curative measures undertaken for the saving of life from the physical ills which beset us. Dr. Koch's history, besides, forms an excellent example of the patient and strenuous search after truth such as characterises the true disciple of science in every age. He may be well described in the ordinary language of the day as having been a self-made man. He began life as a country practitioner, an existence which certainly offers little inducement towards original research and little opportunity for carrying out investigation, even if the requisite prompting spirit be there. Is there not



Photo. General Press.
HOW "THE GENTLE RAIN FROM HEAVEN" IS MEASURED: A GROUP OF RAINFALL-RECORDERS.
Nearly five thousand voluntary observers in the British Isles send up their records of rainfall to the British Rainfall Association, the director of which is the well-known meteorologist and geographer, Dr. H. R. Mill. In order to place the organisation on a permanent footing, Dr. Mill has now presented to a board of trustees his unique collection of rainfall records, together with the leasehold of Rainfall House, the Association's headquarters in Camden Square, London, N.W. He and his staff of assistants will still carry on the work.



Photo. General Press.
AN AUTOMATIC RAINFALL-RECORDER, SHOWING THE MECHANISM BY WHICH THE WEIGHT OF WATER IS USED TO INDICATE THE NUMBER OF INCHES OF RAIN.

death. There are numerous pieces of research to be accredited to Koch's earlier days of work, but his *magnum opus* will always be associated in the minds of public and scientists alike, with the discovery in 1882 of the bacillus to the attack of which on the bodies of men and certain kinds of animals the disease known as "tuberculosis" is due. "Consumption," of course, is the popular equivalent of the technical appellation.

To realise adequately what Koch's discovery of the cause of tuberculosis meant, we have to go back in medical history, but not a great way in truth. Consumption was an inherited disease. There was little chance of escape, it was held, from the influence of parental taint. Then, once developed, consumption was regarded as an incurable disease. The environment of the patient

(Continued overleaf.)

THE NEW CARRON RANGE

The advertisement features a woman in a light-colored dress standing next to a large, ornate kitchen range. The range is made of dark wood with a polished brass door handle and a decorative top. It has a large oven door with a glass window showing the interior. Above the oven is a smaller door with a glass window. On top of the range, there is a shelf holding various kitchen items like a kettle, a teapot, and some plates. The background shows a tiled floor and a wall with some decorations.

A Revolution in Ranges.

THE PROCESS OF COOKING SEEN THROUGH A GLASS DOOR.

The perfection of Excellence in Efficiency, Economy, and Beauty of Finish, is attained in the latest Kitchener—The "CARRON."

Your dinner cannot be spoiled by the sudden change in temperature caused by the opening of oven door. Provision has been made in the new "Carron" Range to watch the progress of cooking through an inner transparent Glass Door, which entirely excludes the ingress of cold air, and maintains the even temperature of oven.

A Hot Closet is provided with sliding doors to keep dishes warm, while a thermometer is attached for guidance of cook or attendant.

The "Carron" Range ensures an ample supply of hot water, and the boiler can be removed for renewal or repair without disturbing the Range.

All flues are formed in Cast Iron, obviating any risk of unsatisfactory working through badly constructed brick work.

The size of fire can be increased or diminished by lowering or raising the bottom-grate, while the hinged folding down front grate reduces the cleaning of fire chamber to simplicity itself.

These are only a few of the many superior points in the new "Carron" Range, for the remainder of which you are cordially invited to call and inspect this highly artistic and complete culinary installation at the Company's Showrooms.

No 54 Descriptive Range Pamphlet on application to

CARRON COMPANY

CARRON,
Stirlingshire.

A complete assortment of CARRON manufacturers on view at the following Showrooms:

LONDON—(City) 15, Upper Thames Street, E.C.; (West End)—23, Princes Street, Cavendish Square, W.; LIVERPOOL—22-25, Red Cross St.; GLASGOW—125, Buchanan Street; EDINBURGH—1143, George St.; MANCHESTER—24, Brazenose Street; BRISTOL—6, Victoria St.; NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE—13, Prudhoe St.; BIRMINGHAM—218, 220, 222, Corporation Street; DUBLIN—44, Grafton Street.



1,000,000 FREE SHAMPOOS FOR CLEANSING AND BEAUTIFYING THE HAIR.

**A Splendid Gift to the Readers of this Paper.
BE SURE AND WRITE TO-DAY!**

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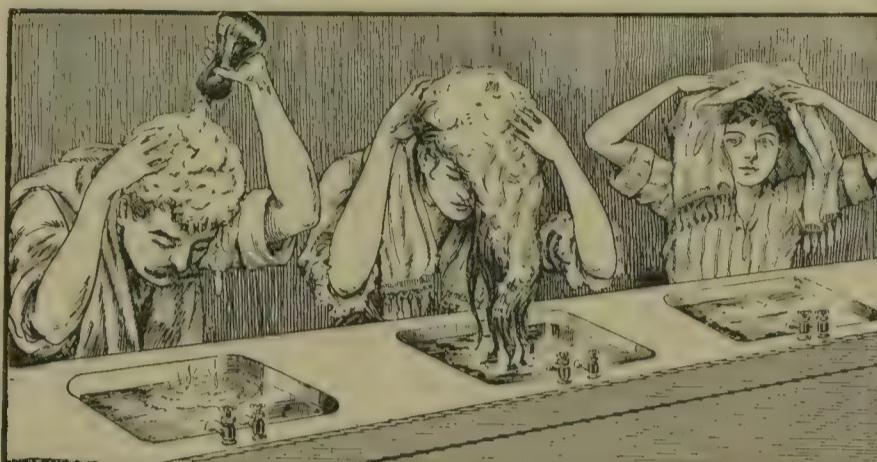
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Really Beautiful Hair is cleansed hair. And, to be thoroughly cleansed, the hair must be



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NAM—

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"The Illustrated London News," June 18, 1910.

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION



ROYAL for ANIMALS
See the Elliman E.F.A. Booklet.
UNIVERSAL for HUMAN USE
See the Elliman R.E.P. Booklet,
found enclosed with
bottles of ELLIMAN'S.
THE NAME IS ELLIMAN.

THE ARMY PAGEANT

(In Aid of the Incorporated Soldiers' and Sailors' Help Society.)

By the special wish of King George, the Pageant will not be postponed.

FULHAM PALACE, June 20 to July 2.

All Seats will be Covered.

Afternoon and Evening Performances.

SUMMARY OF THE PAGEANT. - SHORT INTRODUCTION—The Evolution of Weapons; The Coming of the Disciplined Man, and the Dedication of the Boy to the Service of his Race. PART I.—The Story of the Sword, from Hastings to Naseby. PART II.—Stories of the Regiments in Famous Fights, from Malplaquet to the Peninsula, represented by the Regiments themselves. Grand Finale—SERVICE IS POWER.

Afternoon Seats, 42s., 21s., 10s., 6d., 5s., 3s.

Evening Seats, 21s., 12s., 6d., 6s., 2s., 6d., 1s.

SEATS NOW BEING BOOKED.

PROGRAMME POST FREE.

Apply The HON. SECRETARY, 122, Brompton Road, London, S.W.
Telegrams: "PEACEFUL, LONDON." Telephone: KENSINGTON NO. 1.
And all usual Agents.

**FOOT'S
ADJUSTABLE
CHAIRS.**

**Catalogue C7
of Adjustable
Chairs and
Couches
Post Free.**

AN IDEAL CHAIR FOR RESTFUL READING.

Simply press a button, and the back will decline or automatically rise to position desired by the occupant. Release the button, and the back is securely locked.

The arms extend, forming Side Tables for holding books, writing materials, &c.

It has a front detachable Writing Table and combined Adjustable Reading Desk, which is concealed under the seat when not in use.

The Leg Rest is adjustable, and when not required slides under the seat.

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd., (Dept. C7), 171, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.

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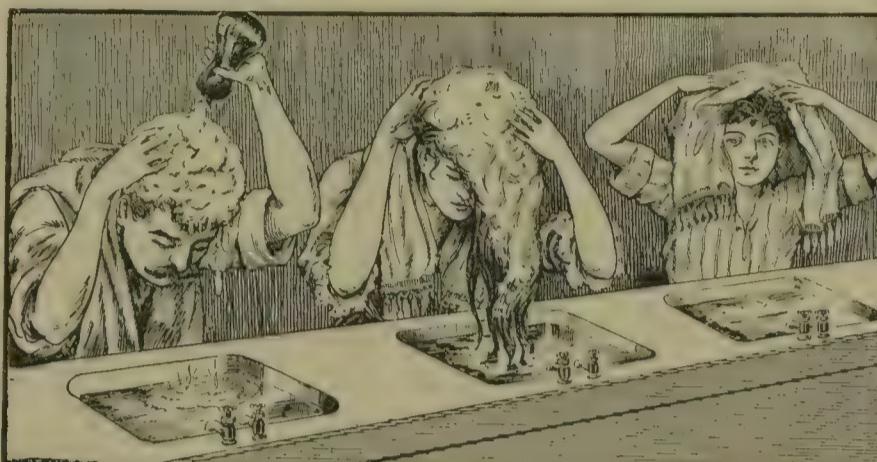
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BE SURE AND WRITE TO-DAY!

The popularity of "Harlene Hair Drill" is largely due to the rapid results it gives. "Harlene Hair Drill" grows beautiful hair in a week—it stops hair from falling out in four days. There has never been anything to compare with "Harlene Hair Drill" so far as its practically instantaneous action in developing the beauty, colour, and luxuriance of the hair is concerned. A week's trial of "Harlene Hair Drill" convinces everyone of the almost magical effect of the new method in growing new hair upon bald or thin places, in restoring the lustre and colour to grey or faded hair, in removing scurf, in increasing the lustre and glossiness of "woman's crowning glory." You try "Harlene Hair Drill" for a week, and you see your hair growing more beautiful before your eyes. The "Harlene Hair Drill" Calendar is only seven days long, but each day is marked by a wonderful improvement in the health and luxuriance of your hair. You become a believer in, and follower of, "Harlene Hair Drill" for the rest of your life. And, consequently, you are never troubled in the future with Falling Hair, Baldness, Greyness, Scurf Deposits, or any other trouble or weakness of the scalp or hair.

The hair of the Englishwoman is the most beautiful in the world. "It is full of hidden sunshine."

But the sunshine is only revealed when it is properly cared for and cultivated.

"Nowadays, every man and woman who desires either to preserve or enhance the luxuriance and attractive appearance of his or her hair must give it a thorough shampooing once or twice every week." This startling, though absolutely true, statement has recently been made by the leading living authority on Hair Culture, a gentleman who studied the subject all his life, and who numbers amongst his clients many of the most beautiful women and cultivated men in present-day Society.

The Average Shampoo Time-Table.

In the opinion of Mr. Edwards, the eminent discoverer of Harlene-for-the-Hair and of the Harlene "Hair Drill," the average Shampoo time-table should be as follows:

For those who live in the country, once a week.

For those who live in the towns, twice a week.

was calculated to foster the ailment. We know that now. Hot rooms and little or no fresh air represented the surroundings amid which the growth of the bacilli was actually encouraged towards a fatal issue. Above all, nobody knew the cause of this wasting disease, and ignorant of cause—as to-day, unhappily, we are in the case of cancer—all attempts at treatment represent simply the practice of firing in the dark. Koch's announcement that he had discovered the bacillus to the presence of which tuberculosis was due altered everything. It became clear later, in the study of the microbe and its biography, that people are not born with the disease, that they cannot come into the world tubercle-bearers even if their parents are affected. Each case was seen to be a case of infection. The patient acquires consumption; it is not bred in him. Hence came the search into the ways of infection.



MISS HARRISON, THE WINNER OF THE
IRISH LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP.

are allowed to mingle with the dust of the air, and to attach themselves to the walls of rooms. That it can be conveyed, especially to infants, by the milk of tuberculous cows is also widely recognised, and tuberculous meat has also had the credit, or discredit, of serving as a source of attack. All this knowledge of what tuberculosis is, and how infection comes, has led to the proper treatment of the disease. The power of a clear, cold, germless atmosphere, in which to live and sleep, to render the bodily soil unfit to harbour the seeds of disease, was demonstrated, and the open-air cure was both justified and explained by Koch's discovery.



MISS M. HARRISON, (MALAHIDE
ISLAND) WHO BEAT MISS MAGILL

(ROYAL COUNTY DOWN) IN THE
FINAL BY FIVE AND FOUR.

In the choice of a razor, an important consideration is the question of its durability. A razor is one of those articles

Then came Koch's further researches. He thought he had made it clear that human infection from milk was impossible because the bovine bacillus was not of precisely the same strain as the human microbe. I remember hearing Koch expound this view at the great Tuberculosis Congress in London, and I recollect the wave of sensation which passed over that assembly when he contended that infected milk had no power to originate the disease in man. This view is not held universally to-day, and experiment seems to negative Koch's opinions. We still keep a watchful eye on our milk-supply. But, even leaving out Koch's researches on the cholera bacillus, on anthrax, and on tuberculin, he will be accorded a place amongst the great discoverers.

The victories of peace are greater than those of war. Robert Koch's victory will go down to posterity as an illustration of the noblest work which can fall to man's lot to discharge.

ANDREW WILSON.



MISS MAGILL, THE RUNNER-UP,
DRIVING.



Golf-Photos. Sport and General.
MISS MAGILL DRIVING FROM THE ELEVENTH TEE.

THE IRISH LADIES GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: THE WINNER AND THE RUNNER-UP.
Miss M. Harrison won the Irish Ladies' Championship by beating Miss Magill by five and four. In the semi-final rounds Miss Harrison beat Miss Renny-Tailyour (Malahide Island) by four and two, and Miss Magill beat Mrs. H. E. Reade (Greenisland) by five and four.

which a man does not want to be obliged continually to replace: he prefers one which improves with use and to which he grows accustomed. It pays, therefore, to buy a good one. Among the most lasting razors on the market are the "Star" safety razors, of which the makers, Messrs. Markt and Co., of 6, City Road, E.C., state that over seven millions have been sold and are in use in various parts of the world. A purchaser of one of these razors in 1891 writes in a testimonial that he has shaved with it more than 4500 times, and that it acts as well now as when he bought it. The secret lies in the quality of the Star blades, which will last for twenty years or more.

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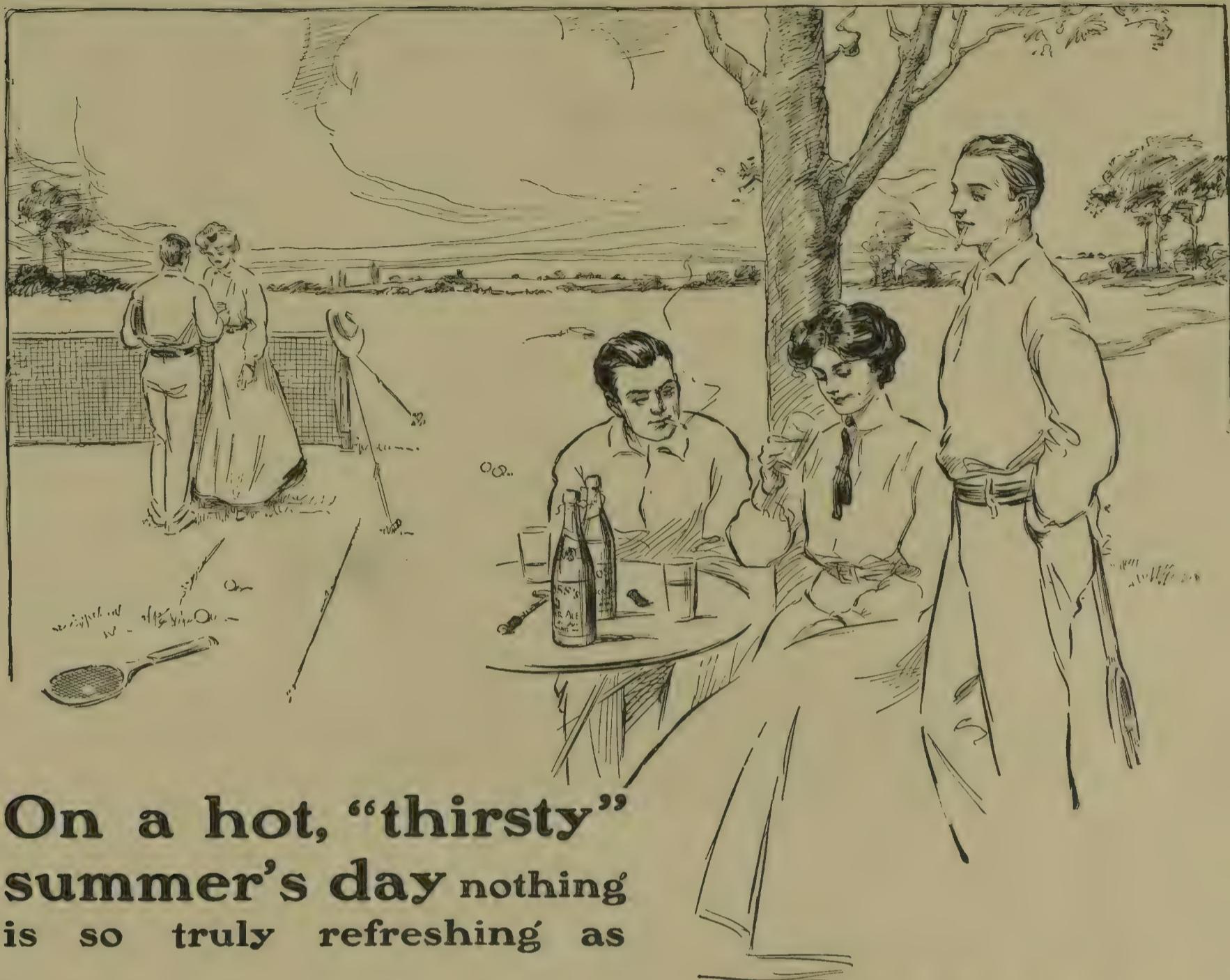
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PLAYHOUSES.

"HARVEST."
AT THE
IRISH THEATRE'S
SEASON.

THE "Harvest," which Mr. S. L. Robinson seems to be contemplating in his play, which was produced last Tuesday night at the Court by the Irish Theatre Society, seems to be the harvest of education in Ireland. You may

the fact that, in the girl at least, the dramatist seems to be choosing an extreme case, his play, while extremely interesting and full of happily observed types—noticingly a crafty old farmer and his son—is put together with too little sense of art and composition. The divergence in point of view between the home-keeping farmers and the young relative who comes with his wife to join them, their very different ideas of honesty from his own, the sense of clannishness which springs up in the lad when he learns of his sister's life, the brutal peasant temper which is stirred in him, when he cannot make his wife understand the blood-bond between the girl and himself—all these things are pointed vigorously; and the whole of the last act is full of strong drama of a kind. But the various threads of the scheme are not knit together closely enough; Mr. Robinson picks up first one and then another, and at the close of his play he leaves quite a number of loose ends. The most telling parts fall to Messrs. J. O'Rourke and J. M. Kerrigan as the peasant farmers; Miss Maire O'Neill had an equally

effective part in the character of the girl who has made and marred her career. Both Mr. Fred O'Donovan and Miss Sara Allgood, at the same time, play with admirable care in the rôles of the educated lad and the woman of refinement whom he had married. Lady Gregory's delightful farce,



MISS LLOYD ROBERTS, OF MID-SURREY AND RHYL, WHO BEAT MISS B. LEAVER, OF SWANSEA BAY, IN THE FINAL.

educate a peasant's child, he seems to say, till he (or she) is no good in the class from which he has arisen, and is not good enough for the class to which he has aspired. Mr. Robinson takes a lad and a girl, brother and sister and farmers' children, as illustrations; the one has married a lady, and finds her, for all her gentleness and humour, unable to share his passionate interest in the stock and the life from which he has sprung; the girl has had ambitions and tastes for refinement and comfort aroused in her which she has only been able to satisfy by slipping aside from virtue. Of the two the girl has the greater courage, and she inflicts distress on a sanguine old schoolmaster, who has taught them formerly and is proud of his profession, by pointing to herself and her cousin as pitiful products of the system. Apart from



MISS B. LEAVER PUTTING ON THE SIXTH GREEN.

THE WELSH LADIES' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: THE WINNER AND THE RUNNER-UP. The Welsh Ladies' Championship at Rhyl was won last week by Miss Lloyd Roberts, who beat Miss B. Leaver in the final by four up and three to play. In the semi-final Miss Lloyd Roberts beat Mrs. Hedley, of Swansea Bay, by eight up and six to play; while Miss Leaver beat Mrs. Franklin Thomas (Radys) by two and one.



MISS B. LEAVER, OF SWANSEA BAY, WHO WAS BEATEN BY MISS LLOYD ROBERTS IN THE FINAL.

"The Workhouse Ward," was the after-piece.

MR. EDMUND PAYNE'S RETURN TO THE GAIETY.

"Our Miss Gibbs" has been running for no less than eighteen months, and to say that during the last six months of that run the piece has had to do without the services of Mr. Edmund Payne is to give some idea of the hold this merry musical comedy has obtained on Gaiety audiences. But at last the popular comedian has recovered from the illness which has so long kept him out of the bill, and he returned to the stage on Saturday night to receive an ovation which must have gladdened his heart and seemed some recompense for his sufferings. Mr. Payne repaid the enthusiasm of his admirers by showing himself in highest spirits.

[Continued overleaf.]

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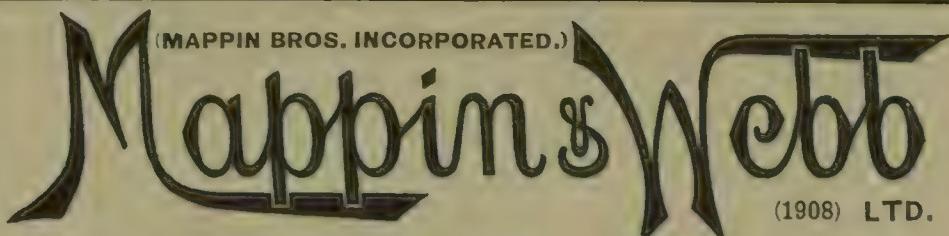
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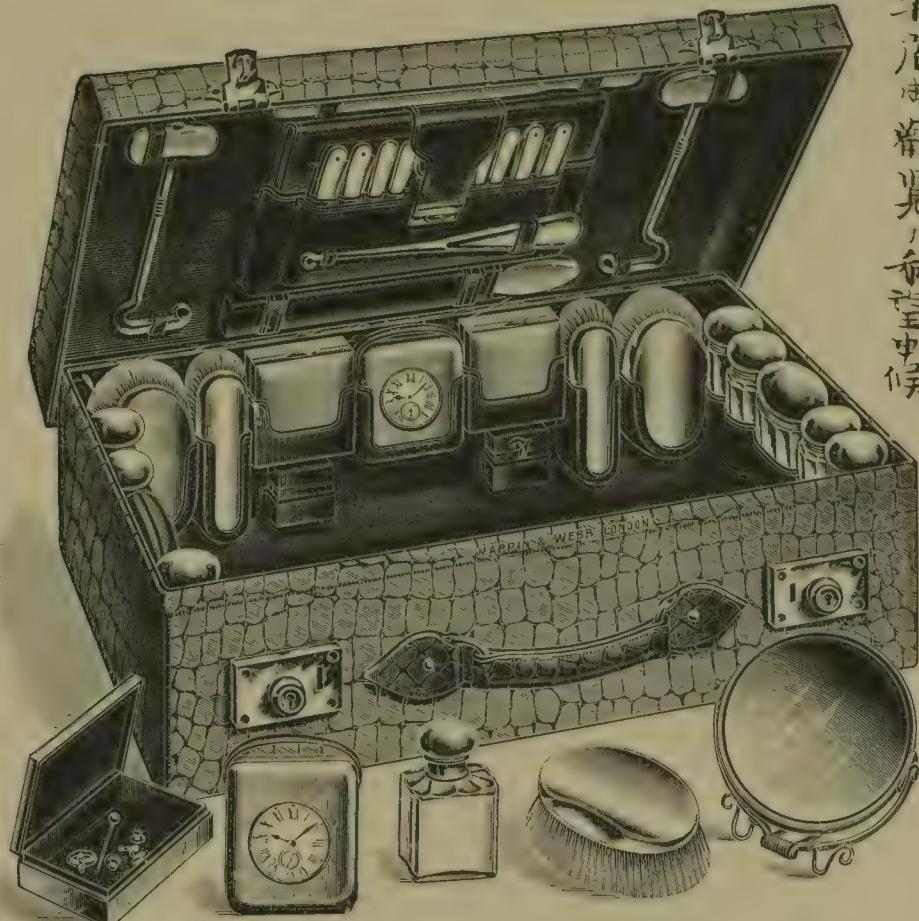


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His humour has lost none of its droll geniality, and if to be so is possible, he is more diverting than ever as the lad from Yorkshire. To have to be always funny, he has told us, is not the easiest thing in the world: he seemed to find no difficulty in provoking laughter on this occasion, his new turns and business going even better than the old. To see him figuring as a native of Japan—of course, in Japanese costume—in the duet he has with Miss Olive May; to watch him burlesquing, in company with Mr. George Grossmith junior, the motions of the Russian dancers, Pavlova and Mordkin, is to recognise that in him we have the finest natural comedian of our time. Nor is Mr. Payne the only Gaiety artist provided with fresh numbers. Miss Gertie Millar, always so dainty and gay, has a new waltz in association with Grossmith. The latter has brought from Paris a song with a taking refrain, which goes by the name of

"Angelina." Miss May and Miss Jean Aylwin also introduce novelties. Meantime, the piece has been redressed, and the setting of the second act, as now arranged,

self-revelation; and such passages as the butterfly heroine's quarrel-scene with her husband, or her sailor-father's confessions as to his "fast" over anchovy-sandwiches and champagne, are as refreshing as they are piquant.

Scotland for ever! The 1910 edition of the "A B C Guide to the Highlands of Scotland," issued by the Highland Railway, is now available. It describes exhaustively the routes traversed by the Highland Railway, from Perth in the South, to John o' Groats in the North, and to the land of Skye in the West. The Guide, which is full of useful information and is well illustrated, will be found an invaluable *vade mecum* to anyone proposing a holiday in the Highlands. It may be had, post free, on application to Mr. T. A. Wilson, General Manager, the Highland Railway, Inverness, or Messrs. W. T. Hedges, Ltd., Effingham House, Arundel Street, Strand, London, W.C.



MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS GENERAL SIR PAUL CARTERET,
AND MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH AS LADY CARTERET.

*The Adaptation of Paul Hervieu's "Connais-Toi"
at the Globe: "Glass Houses."*

makes one of the brightest and prettiest pictures Mr. Edwardes has ever offered us at the Gaiety.

"REBELLIOUS SUSAN" REVIVED AT THE CRITERION.

"The Liars" represents the high-water mark of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's achievement in the comedy of modern manners, but there is one other play of his which gets rather near that level—"The Case of Rebellious Susan." And so, inasmuch as the scheme—since made hackneyed by him—of the revolting wife and the mulish husband and the intervening *raisonneur* is really treated freshly in this instance, and the piece contains parts in Lady Susan Harabin and Sir Richard Kato which show off to perfection the very different but complementary arts of Miss Mary Moore and Sir Charles Wyndham, its revival is always welcome. The play wears uncommonly well. Its characters, though they belong to the 'nineties, are no mere conventional figures, but seem still alive, especially in their moments of



MISS MURIEL BEAUMONT AS MRS. GORING, AND MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH AS LADY CARTERET.



MR. NORMAN TREVOR AS CAPTAIN BERNARD O'BRIEN,
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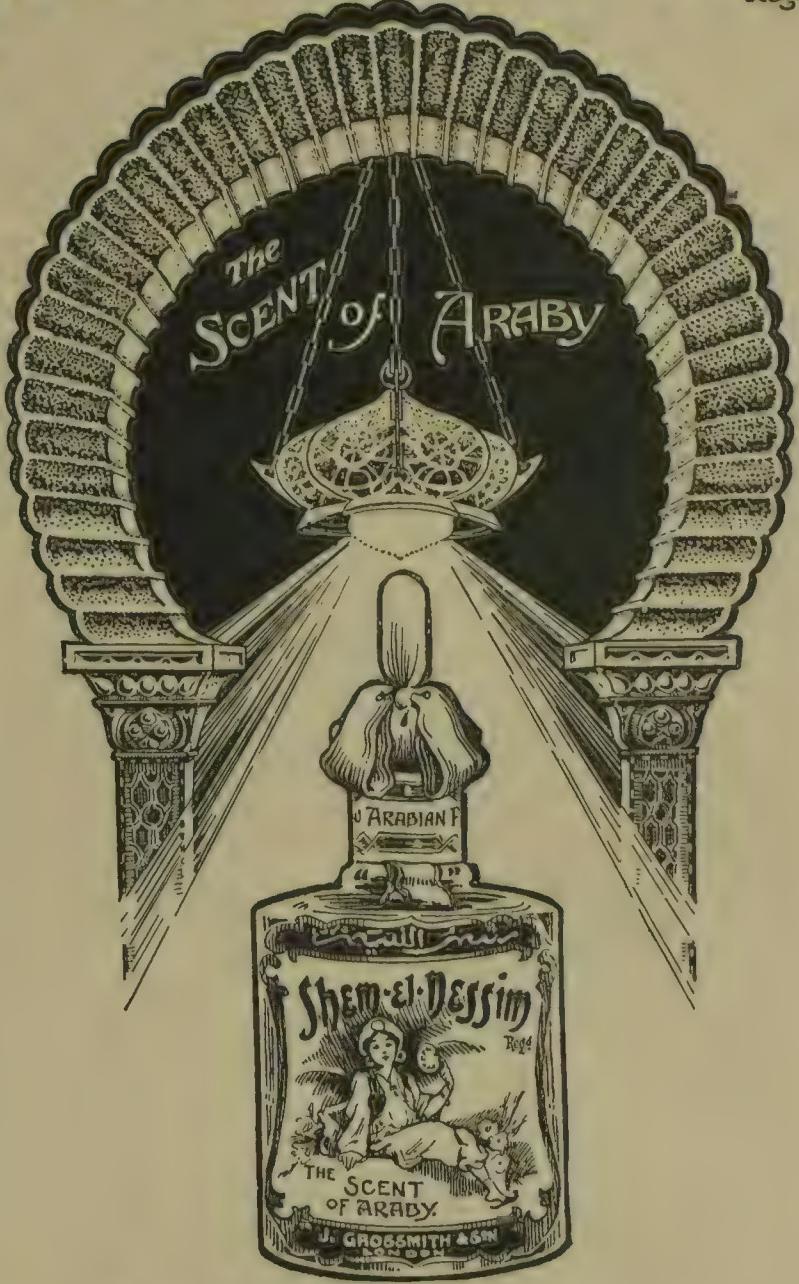
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THE demonstration afforded a party of experts the other day by the Daimler Motor Company, of Coventry, would appear to herald the reformation of the motor-omnibus as we know it to-day. It is an objectionable and irritating conveyance, loathed to the uttermost except at the moment of using, when it is the nearest and handiest form of transport. The inventor or maker who will transform it from the noisy, lumbering, evil-smelling Juggernaut it is to a sweet, quiet, smooth-running vehicle will merit an earldom. Messrs. Knight, Peiper, and Lanchester may presently all find themselves Knights at least in respect to the new Daimler motor-bus just produced at the Daimler Motor-Works, Coventry. All the old traditions of motor-bus construction have been left behind, wood has been tabooed, and petrol and electricity both laid under tribute as propulsive agents. What was essayed some time ago with but partial success, or, at least, popularity—namely, the *petrole-mixte* system, has been unified and perfected in the new Daimler 'bus.

As I have said, wood is dropped, the whole suspended portion of the vehicle, practically the entire body, with seating accommodation, taking the form of a homogeneous steel structure, affording a huge increase of strength for a given weight of material. This sheet-steel body, as to its lower parts, also forms the frame to which the power-units—there are two—are attached and detached with equal facility. I have said above that the trio of inventors had linked petrol and electricity, which they have, for each unit consists of a 12-h.p. four-cylinder Silent-Knight Daimler engine, with a dynamotor on the same shaft, driving directly on to each road-wheel by means of worm-gearing. The clashing gears, the noisy chains, and the troublesome differential gear have vanished. The under-run of the car is clear, and will pass over a prone man, with heaps to spare. When the engine itself exerts more power than is required, the dynamotor becomes a generator, and electrical energy is stored in accumulators to be automatically given out when the engine wants help. Wheel base and weight are alike reduced. The 'bus handles like a car, and runs on wheels of very large diameter. Quiet, comfort, and speed are alike obtained.

The "Adventure" coach, with its high-stepping, spanking teams of mettled steeds, is to have a rival at least once a week in a motor "Adventure" coach, which will link Metropole to Metropole in a double journey. This motor-coach takes the form of a high-powered, six-cylinder Napier Pullman Limousine,



Photo, Topical.

A FLYING-MACHINE, THE ENDS OF WHOSE PLANES AND TAIL SUGGEST FEATHERS: THE SUCCESSFUL FLIGHT OF THE FIRST AUSTRIAN MONOPLANE.

The first Austrian monoplane made a successful flight from Neustadt to Vienna the other day. It was built by Igo Etrich, and piloted on the occasion mentioned by Herr Illner. It is ten metres in length and fourteen metres from wing tip to wing tip; weighs 350 kilogrammes; and has a fifty horse-power motor.

with seating accommodation for six, and the chauffeur-guard in a bucket seat on the fore near wing. Both coaching celebrities who are also motorists and motoring celebrities who are experts at the wheel will take the driving-seat from time to time, and tool the Napier up and down. There will be no mad rush either way, but a medium, comfortable, scenery-enjoying speed, with two stops, will be maintained. The outward journey will be by Ewell, Epsom, Leatherhead, Dorking, and Horsham, and the homeward trip by Cuckfield and Reigate.

Time was when speed-indicators, without which no car is properly equipped, were accessible only to the motoring millionaire; but, with their lower priced Perfect Speed Indicators, Messrs. S. Smith and Son, of 9, Strand, W.C., have changed all that. I had the opportunity of carefully checking one of this firm's four-guinea instruments the other day, and for mile after mile found it wonderfully correct. A point that particularly pleased me was the extraordinary steadiness of the indicating-needle, a feature I have often found entirely lacking in other instruments. No matter how rough or lumpy the road, the needle swung over the dial with the steadiness of time, and could always be read with accuracy to

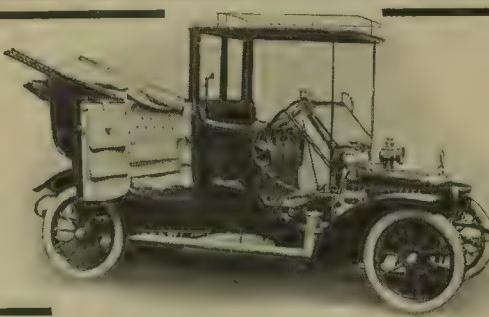
(Continued overleaf.)



Photo Transcontinental Correspondent.

A TRAVELLING-KITCHEN FOR THE KAISER: HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY'S AUTOMOBILE KITCHEN. The kitchen-car, which is, of course, fitted with all the necessary pots and pans and stoves, is accompanied by another car in which travel the cook and his assistants, and in which are conveyed a large tent, folding chairs, and tables, and other necessaries for meals in the open.

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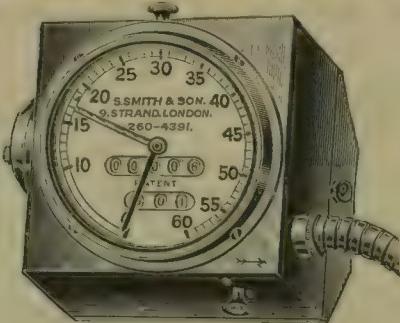
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half a mile per hour. The mile-registering mechanism showed up equally well under test on known miles.

The great favour accorded the late Motor Bicycle Tourist Trophy Race in the Isle of Man should hearten the Isle of Man Automobile Club to approach their Witenagemot, or, rather, their House of Keys, and get legal sanction for a car race in May of next year. Let them hold it as their own event, just as any other club gives an open race, and let them believe, not only that they will get support enough, but that the event will attract a large crowd to the island. A race for 3½-in. engines, with a maximum stroke, minimum weight of chassis, stated type, weight, and windage of body, would attract a large number of entries from the makers of cars who have yet to win their spurs. If a Motor-Cycle Tourist Trophy Race, why not a motor-car event of the same? The I. of M.A.C. have got the ball at their feet.

In the contest for the Prince Henry Trophy, Continental tyres won a sweeping victory, the first, second, third, fifth, sixth, eighth, and ninth cars being fitted with tyres of this famous make; while in both the speed trials they obtained first and second places. British competitors were loud in praise of their behaviour. One telegram received by the firm from a competitor ran as follows: "Three Vauxhalls entered: two finished non-stop. Your tyres gave no trouble whatever, and proved themselves speedy." The trials were carried out over some of the worst roads in Central Europe. It is an interesting fact that this trophy has been won for the past six years on Continental tyres; a record which speaks for itself.

A BOOK OF THE BLACK FOREST.

(See Illustrations on "At the Sign of St. Paul's" Page.)

IN spite of the irresistible march of modern Germany, there are still districts in the Fatherland where pilgrims of a proper spirit may be thrilled by legends and knightly romance. The Black Forest is certainly

with a fine sense of appreciation of his own text. Elderly pilgrims, who remember the days of diligences and the knapsack, will be a little shocked to hear as much as Mr. Hughes tells them here of bicycles and motor-omnibuses: they will probably feel, with the reviewer, that there is desecration in these things, but they can share his relief at the thought that,

after all, modern industrialism is still held at bay in the deeper sanctuaries of the forest. True, the Black Forest clocks are now made in factories, but if it had not been for a beneficent Government they would no longer be made at all; so that all well-wishers of a pleasant people must be grateful for their survival. We hear of factories at Rheinfelden, of the disappearance before an ugly iron structure of the wooden bridge that Ruskin drew—but who are the English to lift hands of horror? Germans, albeit a little over-fond of restaurants and superb views in conjunction, value the beauty-spots of their native land at least as highly as our own people, and take practical steps, when necessary, to preserve them. If anyone is waiting to be lured to a country of fir-clad hills, of magnificent glimpses, of river and valley, legend and history, we advise him to read "The Book of the Black Forest." It is the record, as Mr. Hughes says, of several holidays spent there with the companionship of a good many books—and the companionship also, of course, of an able pencil. The charts of the country are admirable, and the letter-press is genially discursive. Archæology, we gather, is not the author's strong point; but he recommends his deficiency. Altogether, a pleasant volume upon a fascinating subject.



THE TRIALS OF THE MOTOR-CYCLIST: A COMPETITOR IN THE SCOTTISH RELIABILITY TRIALS FOR MOTOR-CYCLES HELD UP BY FLOODS AT ABERFELDY.

During the Scottish Six Day Reliability Trials for motor-cycles a terrific thunderstorm arose at Abergeldy, and the bridge which should have been crossed was washed away; the roads were torn up, and the water was in several places over three feet deep. The picture shows a competitor, whose machine has stopped through the water getting into his engine, standing by the side of the road to allow an official car to pass. The road has been converted into a mixture of mud and water.

the first and foremost of these, and Mr. C. E. Hughes has done it justice in his charming "Book of the Black Forest" (Methuen), which he has illustrated

point; but he recommends his deficiency. Altogether, a pleasant volume upon a fascinating subject.

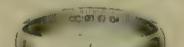
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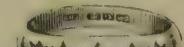
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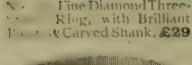
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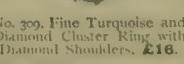
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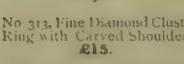
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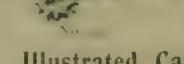
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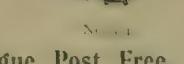
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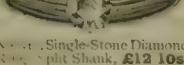
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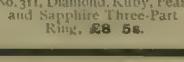
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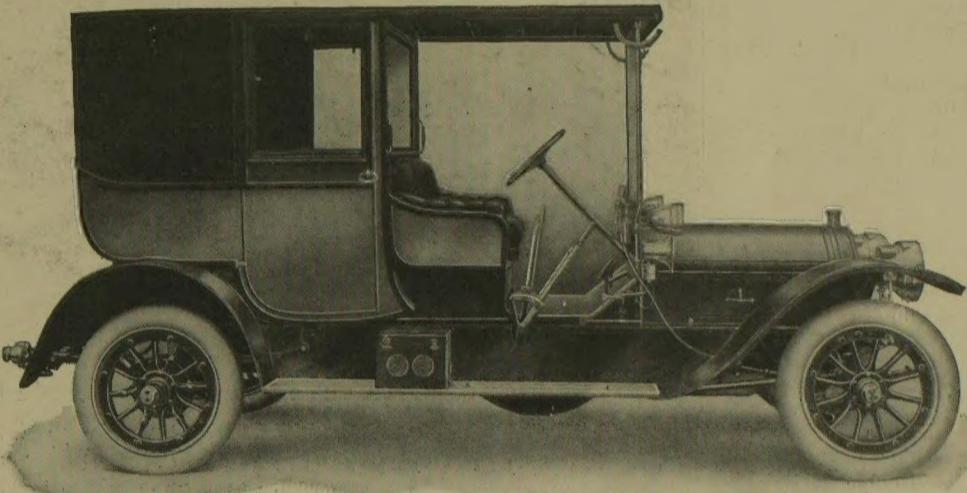
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ART NOTES.

THE J. M. Swan Memorial has taken shape, and by the time Mr. Drucker's subscription-list is closed, there will be funds sufficient to supply the Tate Gallery and all the more important provincial collections with representative examples of the great draughtsman's work. It has been noted that London will have a Whistler Memorial, in the form of a statue by Rodin, before it possesses an adequate Whistler painting: the Swan memorial of Mr. Drucker's devising does not depend on the genius of M. Rodin, or any second artist, but on the genius of Swan. The best of his drawings are available, and the subscriptions that are now coming in promise a substantial total. It is to Mr. Drucker, by the way, that the National Gallery owes everything it has in the way of modern Dutch painting.

It is obvious, from the emptiness of the galleries, that few people realise the importance of the collection of old Japanese paintings and drawings at the Japanese-British Exhibition. It is still more obvious that it is not known that these untold treasures are exhibited for only a fortnight. The English pictures, with little to commend them, remain; the Japanese must be changed every two weeks, because only in that way can the whole of the collections be shown in the small space allotted them. It is not permissible to miss them. Whatever may have been our minds in regard to Eastern art, and its relation to the Western practice, the moment has come not only for an amplification, but for a radical change of opinion. It had seemed so easy to have a mind in the matter: to marvel at Hokusai; to wonder that the eighteenth-century artists of Japan could give to a coloured wood-block the divine, gay gravity of Piero della Francesca's "Baptism of Christ"; to covet a seventeenth-century screen

covered with a flight of long-legged birds on a gold ground. For anything much earlier than the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries the untravelled Englishman had vaguely referred his admiration to China; at Shepherd's Bush he can study ten centuries of Japanese art, and find it at its greatest in the earlier periods.

colour and pigment it must stand as a great work. But it is much more than colour and pigment: as a Rembrandt of a mature and mighty period it is full of sympathy, of the invitation of the road, of the swagger and the pathos of the traveller. It has the importance of serious portraiture along with the importance of a work of romance. Its faults are obvious, and astonishing. The attenuated hind leg of the horse is unlike anything that Rembrandt ever painted or could have been expected to paint, for attenuation of the sort is the error of the amateur, and only of the amateur. But this ill-drawing provides the element of mystery that is seldom lacking in pictures that have been worth the attention of the cleaner and restorer.

E. M.



THE FIRST COURT OF THE NEW REIGN: KING GEORGE DRIVING TO ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

King George held his first Court on Thursday of last week, at St. James's Palace, where he received loyal addresses from the City of London, the Royal Society, and the London County Council. There was a large and enthusiastic crowd of spectators as the King drove from Marlborough House to the Palace, escorted by a detachment of the 2nd Life Guards. The bands played the National Anthem as the carriage passed into the garden entrance of the Palace grounds.

There is no such need to warn the Londoner that the "Polish Rider" has given his bridle-rein a shake, soon to leave for America, and Mr. Frick. The stream of visitors to the Carfax Gallery has paid due homage. The canvas compels immediate admiration: as mere

steamers by turbine steamers. It is also contemplated to put on an afternoon service between London and Paris, via Newhaven and Dieppe, which will connect as well with the existing through services to Switzerland and Italy.

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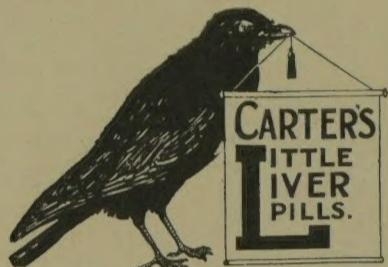
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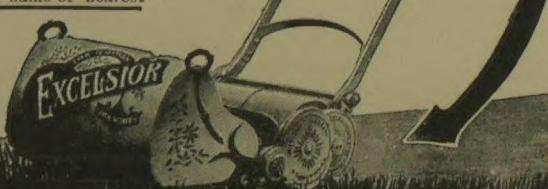
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MUSIC.

AT Covent Garden last week, M. Dalmorés, one of the few French tenors in the front rank, replaced M. Franz as Samson, in Dr. Saint-Saëns' opera. He was heard to great advantage, and it is to be hoped that he will appear as Roméo in Gounod's opera before the season ends, for he is one of the few men who can do justice to the difficult and exacting part. Debussy's wonderful accompaniment to "Pelléas et Mélisande" has been revived, with M. De Vries, from the Hague, and Mme. Edvina in the title-rôles. M. Warney, who was engaged to appear as Pelléas, having been taken ill. The charm of this opera grows with each fresh hearing; it is unlike any other work in the extraordinary intimacy between the emotions of stage and orchestra, and when the public is reconciled to the new art-form, will surely be admitted by one and all to the rank of a masterpiece. Nothing could have been finer than Signor Campanini's handling of the score.

Mr. Beecham's long-expected Mozart Festival opens on Monday night at His Majesty's. Mme. Alice Verlet, who made such a favourable impression on the concert-platform last year, will take the part of Constance in "Il Seraglio"; Mme. Agnes Nicholls will be the Countess in "The Marriage of Figaro"; and "Cosi fan tutte," the composer's last comic opera on the Italian model, will complete a Mozart programme that should draw all London. Early next month we are to hear "Die Fledermaus" of Johann Strauss (1825-1899), the libretto having been translated by Mr. Alfred Kalisch, whose English version of Hoffmannsthal's "Elektra" is the best piece of work of the kind that our opera-house knows. The "Feuersnot" of Richard Strauss is to be given on Saturday, July 9; and Mr. G. H. Clutsam's one-act opera "Summer Night," based upon a story by Margaret of Navarre, is in rehearsal.

Several remarkable concerts were given in London last week. At the Queen's Hall some of the greatest musicians of our time assembled to honour the twenty-fifth anniversary of Joseph Hollman's first appearance in

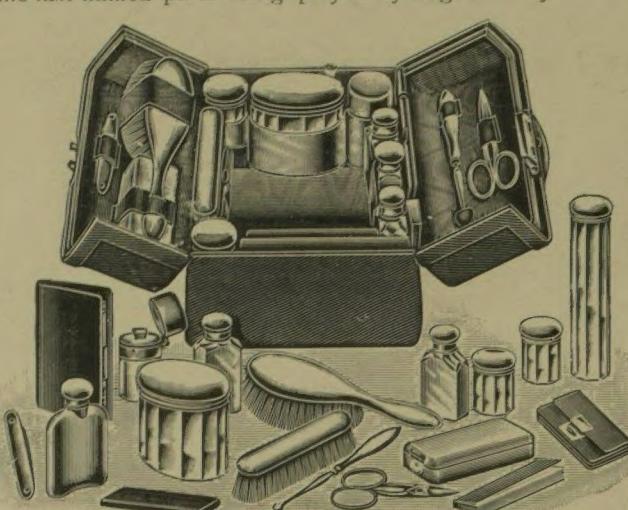
England. The music of Dr. Camille Saint-Saëns filled the programme, and the composer appeared at the piano in the Quartet in B flat for piano and strings, and in a new work, "La Muse et le Poète," composed in honour of the occasion, and written for piano, violin, and 'cello, the last-named parts being played by Eugene Ysaye and

response to great artists and fine music. He was heard with Dr. Saint-Saëns in the Scherzo for two pianos and in the Trumpet Septet.

Robert Schumann was born on June 8, 1810, and just one hundred years later a commemorative concert was given at the Queen's Hall by Miss Fanny Davies, who was one of Mme. Clara Schumann's pupils. The Queen's Hall Orchestra, under Mr. Henry Wood's direction, assisted the concert-giver, and that gifted musician Mr. Alfred Eyre had organised a special festival choir for the performance of some part-songs. The great Symphony in D minor, the A minor Pianoforte Concerto, with Miss Davies as soloist, and the "Manfred" Overture were the orchestral works. Miss Davies and Mme. Dessauer-Grün played the Variations in B flat for two pianos as the lovers of Schumann would wish to hear it. The concert should have attracted a far larger audience.

Signor Busoni is better known as a pianist than as a composer, but his pianoforte concerto with choral ending was so successful at Newcastle last autumn that it was repeated last week in London with the aid of the New Symphony Orchestra and the Edward Mason Choir. Busoni conducted his own concerto, and Mark Hambourg played the solo part. The concerto is a long and complicated work, and marks certain developments in structure that cannot be dealt with in this place. Some of the themes are of rarest beauty, the varied rhythms are employed with fine skill and judgment, and the whole work is modern and distinguished. Mr. Hambourg may be said to have attacked the solo part and to have mastered it.

The programme arranged for the Gloucester Musical Festival included "Elijah" and "The Dream of Gerontius" on Tuesday. On Wednesday it was arranged to give, among other things, Sir Edward Elgar's Symphony and Sir Hubert Parry's "Beyond these Voices there is Peace"; and on Thursday Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung" and Verdi's "Requiem." All these were to be given in the Cathedral, while other more secular works were to be heard in the Shire Hall.



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Hollman. Mlle. Esta d'Argo sang several of Dr. Saint-Saëns' songs, and the concert proved at once the popularity of the concert-giver, the extraordinary range of the composer's gifts, and the perfection of M. Pugno's

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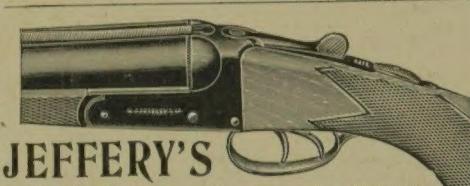
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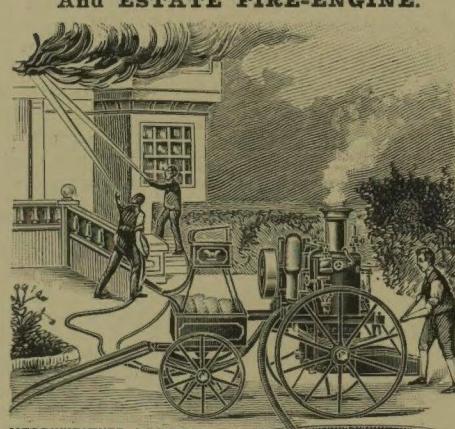
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